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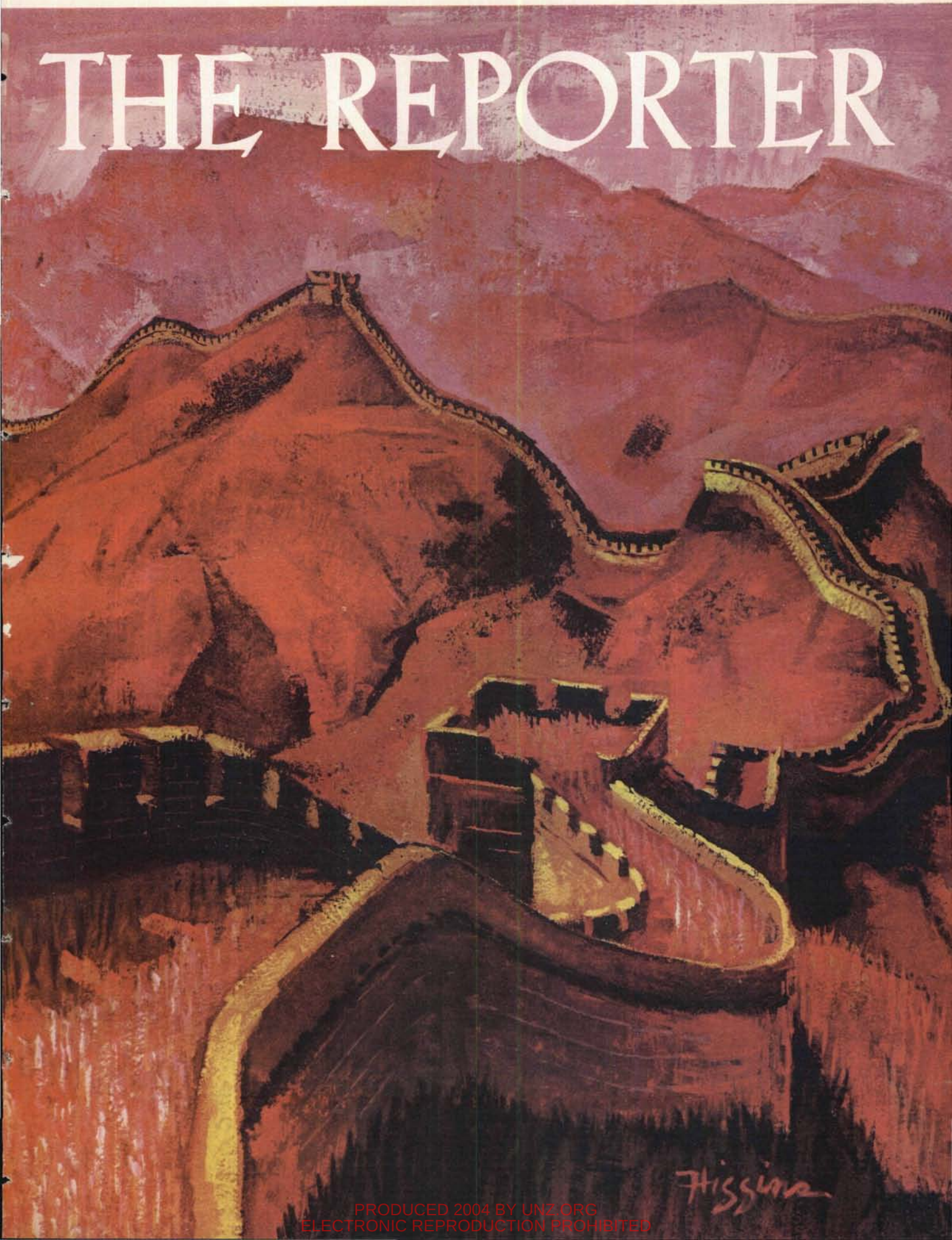

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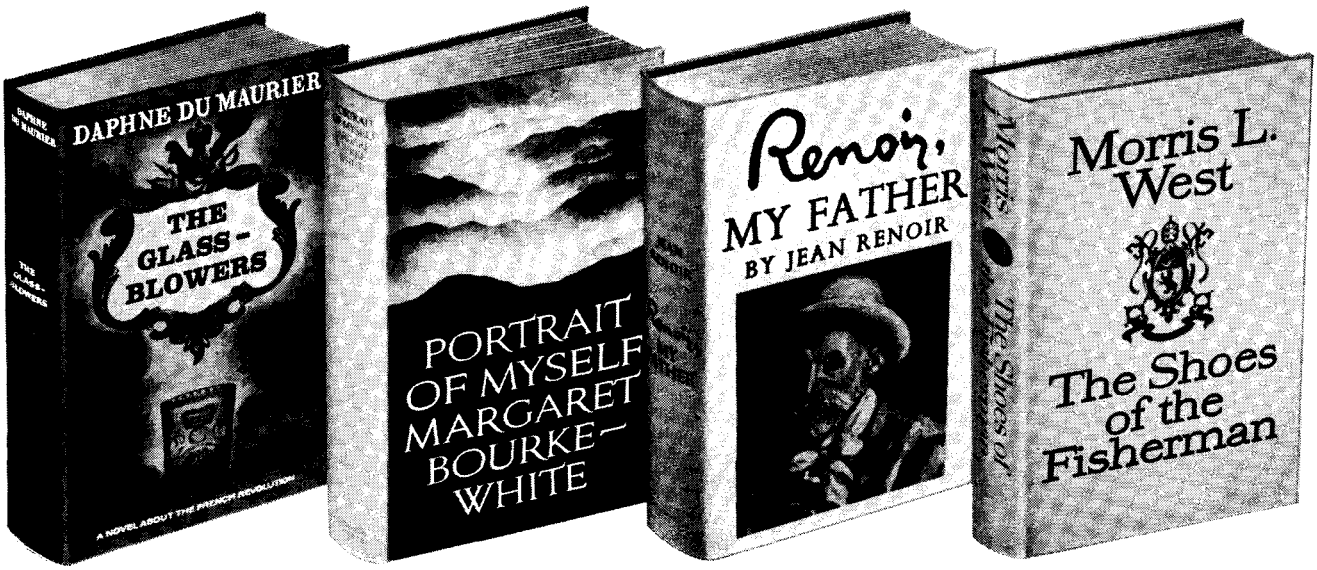

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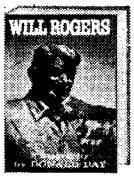

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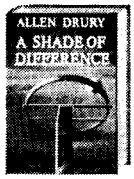

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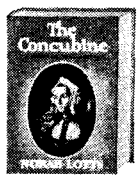

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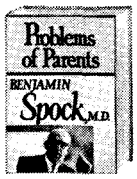

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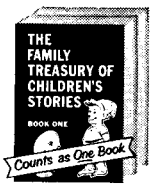

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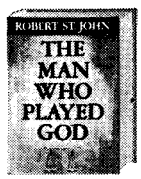

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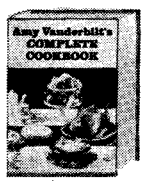

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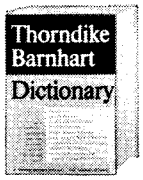

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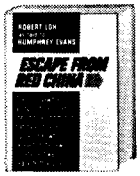

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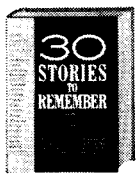

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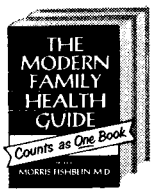

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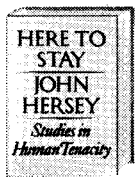

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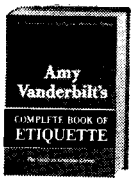

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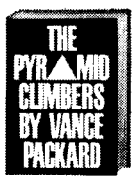

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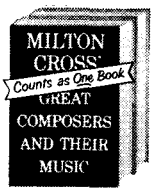

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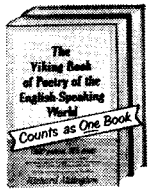

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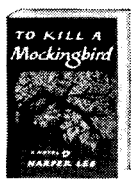

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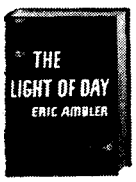

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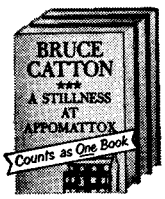

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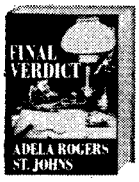

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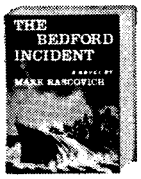

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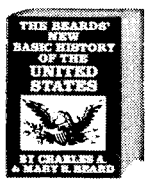

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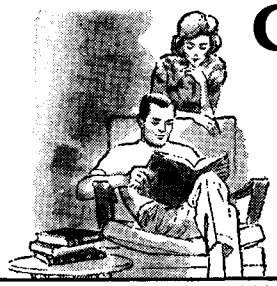

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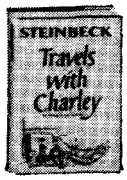

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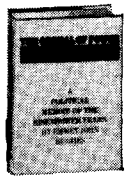

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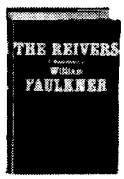

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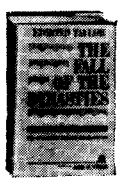

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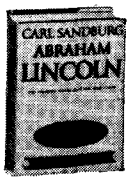

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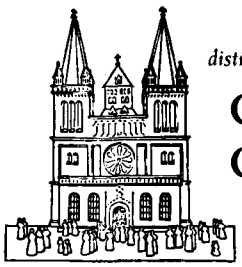

distinctive and unusual

Christmas Cards

A new catalogue of the famous Metropolitan Museum of Art cards. Paintings from early Italian and Flemish masters to Renoir and Van Gogh, medieval tapestries and ivories, Persian manuscripts, Byzantine gold and enamels, primitive woodcuts, prints and drawings by Rembrandt, Dürer, and Tiepolo, and a festive variety of designs from ancient Greece, China, India, Japan, and pre-Inca Peru. ☆The cards, printed in limited editions under direct supervision of the Museum, cost from 5 to 95 cents each. The 40 page catalogue – which also illustrates Museum jewelry and other unusual Christmas presents – will be mailed about September first.

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Please send me the Museum's new catalogue of Christmas cards, 25 cents enclosed R5

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WHO– WHAT– WHY–

THE COMMUNIST cauldron is bubbling again, and no one can say what spells or specters will be summoned by the incantations of the twentieth-century sorcerers. There are some who feel that great opportunities for the West may lie in the struggle for power between the Russians and the Chinese. But there may be danger too, and some of these are discussed in the "Notes" section of this issue by Executive Editor **Philip Horton.**

The perils of the turmoil for those who call themselves Communists are surely no less than those presented for the rest of us. **Theodore Draper** reports that Fidel Castro, who for a time seemed to glory in his role as the man in the middle, has now found it expedient to declare himself a loyal supporter of the Russians, on whom his island's economy and his personal survival are increasingly dependent. Mr. Draper is the author of the definitive *Roots of American Communism* (Viking) and *American Communism and Soviet Russia* (Praeger). He is currently working on a book to be called *The Struggle for Power in Cuba,* sponsored by the Research Institute on Communist Affairs of Columbia University, which will deal with the period from the 1920's to the fall of Batista.

John Paton Davies, Jr., offers a timely reminder that conflict between the Russians and the Chinese is a very old story, one that long antedates the advent of Communism. Mr. Davies, for twenty-three years a Foreign Service Officer, served in both China and the Soviet Union, and was a member of the department's Policy Planning Staff. He is now a businessman living in Lima, Peru. His article is adapted from a book on U.S. foreign policy to be published by Norton.

"THOU HAST the keys of Paradise, oh just, subtle, and mighty opium!" declared Thomas De Quincey in his *Confessions of an English Opium Eater.* The feeling of blissful omniscience that some drugs can give has always attracted some men despite the physical and psychological disintegration that frequently follows. The new concoctions described in **Noah Gordon's** article may turn out to be very useful, but responsible medical authorities warn that at present they must be kept under careful scientific control. What is most surprising in the alarming narrative presented by Mr. Gordon, who is currently on leave from his position as science editor of the Boston *Herald* to complete a novel, is that society does not seem more capable of protecting its susceptible members, particularly the young, from the siren songs of escape.

DRAMATIC public demonstrations and the administration's efforts to legislate equal rights for Negroes in hotels, restaurants, stores, and employment have caught most of the headlines, but no less important to the success of desegregation is the unspectacular task of training Negroes for the job opportunities to come. **Julius Duscha,** a reporter for the Washington *Post,* attempts to provide some perspective on this aspect of the President's civil-rights program. . . . **Nat Hentoff** crossed a picket line in the call of duty to report a new musical menace—pop gospel. . . . **Hanson W. Baldwin,** the Pulitzer Prize-winning military affairs editor of the New York *Times,* evaluates the profound changes that have been taking place in our intelligence community. The Defense Intelligence Agency, now a rival to the CIA, has forced all military intelligence into a single mold, and an undue influence of administration policy on intelligence threatens the objectivity of vital security estimates. . . . A significant decision facing Congress is whether to help India build a government steel plant. **Donald Kirk** of the New York *Post,* who has recently been a Fulbright scholar in India, views the issue as crucial to the reconciliation of a long-standing source of friction—the American preference for aiding private enterprise and India's commitment to a socialist economy.

In recent weeks **Marya Mannes** has been traveling in cooler climes than ours: From Denmark, Sweden, and Norway she brings back landscapes, talk, and comment. . . . **John Engels** teaches English at Saint Michael's College in Winooski, Vermont. . . . **Roland Gelatt** is editor of *Hi-Fi.* . . . **Alfred Kazin,** critic, discusses a collection of critical essays by the great French master of the trade, Sainte-Beuve. Mr. Kazin's latest book is *Contemporaries* (Little, Brown). . . . **Sarel Eimerl** is a free-lance writer.

Our cover is by **Donald Higgins.**

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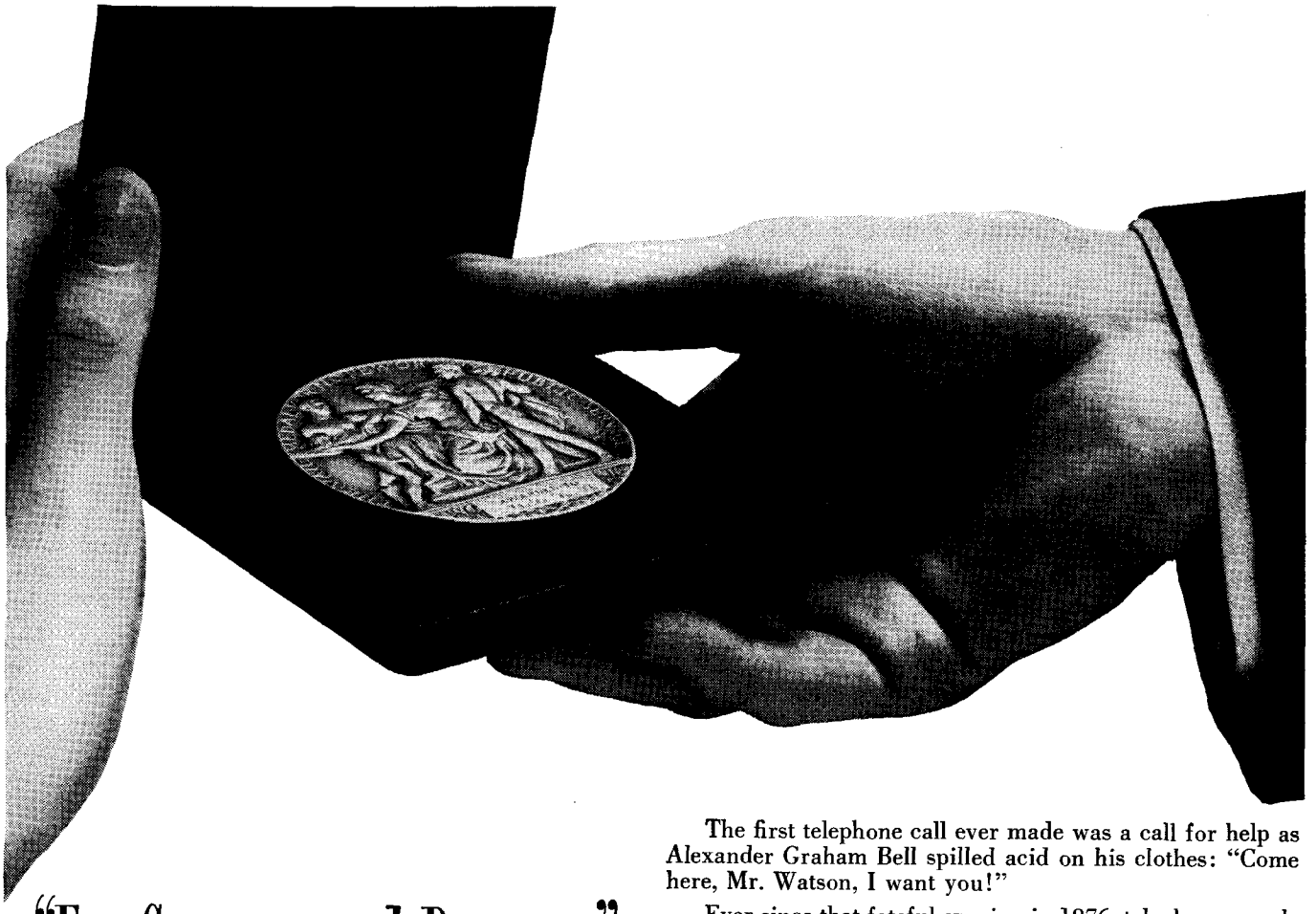

"For Courage and Devotion"

Telephone men and women fulfill a long tradition

The first telephone call ever made was a call for help as Alexander Graham Bell spilled acid on his clothes: "Come here, Mr. Watson, I want you!"

Ever since that fateful evening in 1876, telephone people have been responding to calls for help—and training to supply it.

A tradition of service—a knowledge of first aid—an instinct to help—these keep operators at their posts in fire or flood—send linemen out to battle blizzards or hurricanes—and save lives many times in many ways.

Over the years, the Bell System has awarded 1,896 medals to employees for courage, initiative and accomplishment—for being good neighbors both on the job and off it. Here are some recent winners:

Kenneth E. Ferguson, Installer-Repairman, Newport News, Virginia. En route to a repair job, he came upon a burning house where a blind, bedridden woman lay helpless. Ripping out a window, he and a policeman entered the flaming room. They were forced out by intense heat and smoke. Mr. Ferguson ran to a nearby house for blankets. Wrapped in wet blankets, the two men re-entered and rescued the woman.

Mrs. Dorothy Crozier, Operator, San Rafael, California. She took a call from a frantic mother whose small son had stopped breathing. After notifying both ambulance and fire department, Mrs. Crozier realized that traffic was heavy and time short. Over the telephone, she taught the mother mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. The boy was breathing when firemen arrived. Doctors credit his life to her alertness.

Charles J. Gilman, Communications Serviceman, Bellwood, Illinois. Driving to an assignment, he saw an overturned car and found a man under it bleeding profusely. Cautioning bystanders not to smoke, he helped remove the victim. The man's arm was almost severed below the shoulder and he seemed in shock. Mr. Gilman applied a tourniquet and kept pressure on it until an ambulance arrived.

Leonard C. Jones, Supplies Serviceman, Morgantown, West Virginia. He noticed a neighboring house on fire. Rushing to it, he helped a father rescue three young children. Then he plunged back into the burning building and, guided only by cries through the choking smoke, found and saved another child who was hiding under a couch in the blazing living room. Minutes after he left, the wooden house collapsed.

Franklin Daniel Gurtner, Station Installer, Auburn, Washington. He heard a request for emergency breathing equipment on his radio monitor and hurried to the address, where a baby was strangling. He found the child's air passage was blocked, cleared it, and successfully administered mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. Then the fire department arrived and applied oxygen to help overcome shock.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Owned by more than two million Americans

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The Commonwealth of Puerto Rico now has one of the highest rates of industrial growth in the world –outpacing the entire European Common Market

New plants are opening at the remarkable rate of 3 a week. Here are 27 facts you should know about this flourishing Commonwealth before choosing your next plant site.

1. The Commonwealth of Puerto Rico's industrial development is moving along at an extraordinary pace. In 1962, the Commonwealth's net income from manufacturing rose from $320 million to $384 million—an increase of 20 percent.

Even the thriving European Common Market (West Germany, France, Italy, Belgium, Luxemburg and Holland) cannot match this rate of growth.

2. Altogether, there are more than 900 plants humming away in this sunny Commonwealth. Seven hundred and twenty-five of these plants are owned by U.S. firms. Last year, *their return on investment averaged 25 percent.*

Blue chips in Puerto Rico

3. In 1962 alone, 139 manufacturers chose Puerto Rico as a long-term, permanent manufacturing site. Many of them were blue-chip firms. A few of these are: Glidden, National Biscuit, Warner-Lambert and U. S. Rubber.

4. Fifty blue-chip firms now operate eighty-six plants in Puerto Rico. Seventeen blue-chip firms have two or more plants there. Five have four or more plants. Altogether, some 100 U.S. firms operate two or more plants.

5. Blue-chip firms now manufacturing a variety of products in Puerto Rico include: Parke-Davis, Union Carbide, Sperry Rand, International Paper and Reichhold Chemicals.

Incentives for manufacturers

6. Puerto Rico is a self-governing Commonwealth within the American Union. U. S. Federal taxes do not apply because Puerto Rico does not have a vote in Congress. "No taxation without representation."

7. The Puerto Rican Government is free to assess its own taxes and to grant tax exemption to genuinely new or expanding operations. Runaway plants are *not* wanted and do *not* qualify for tax exemption in Puerto Rico.

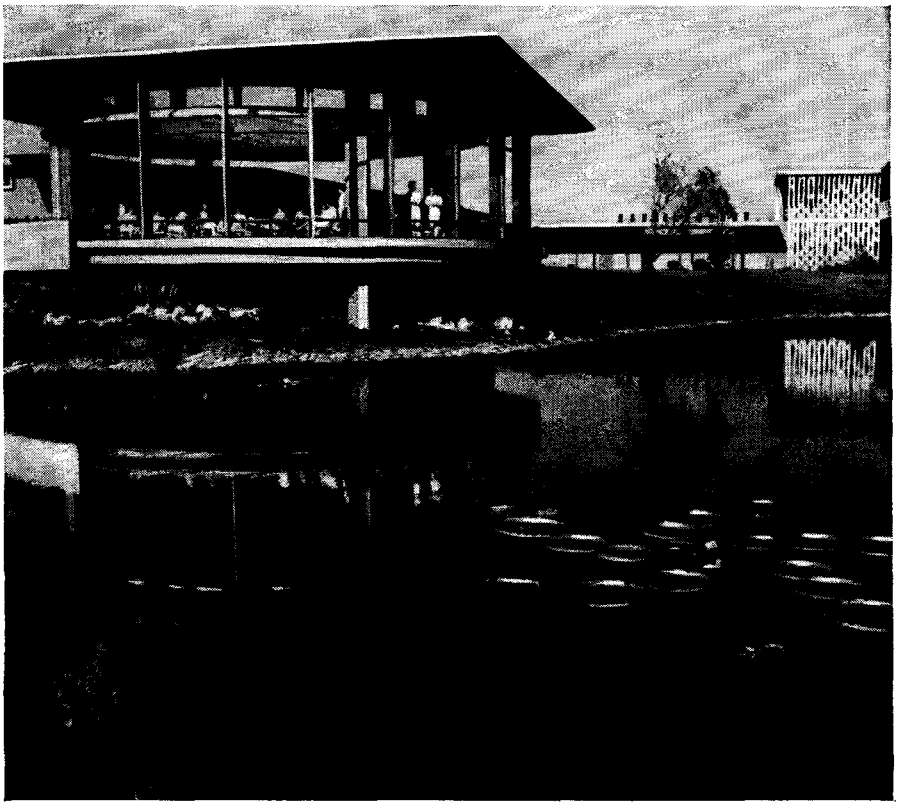
8. Under its remarkable self-help program "Operation Bootstrap," Puerto Rico grants liberal tax exemption to qualified U.S. manufacturers who locate plants on the island. You pay no U.S. corporate tax and, for ten to thirteen years, no Puerto Rican tax.

9. Special incentives are offered to firms that service local industry, process local raw material, or employ 500 or more.

New Foreign Trade Zone

10. The latest attraction for U.S. Industry is Puerto Rico's new Foreign Trade Zone. It is the only Foreign Trade Zone authorized by the U.S. Government outside the continental U.S. It is at Mayagüez, Puerto Rico's third largest port. And it is the first U.S. Zone to offer incentives for *manufacturing*.

11. U.S. firms establishing factories in the Zone are eligible for all the "Operation Bootstrap" incentives.



This new Parke-Davis plant in Puerto Rico employs 200 people. It makes capsuled and injectable drugs for markets in the western hemisphere.

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12. You may import unlimited amounts of foreign components and raw materials to your factory in the Zone and *manufacture* without paying U.S. customs duties.

Compete in all world markets

13. Puerto Rico's location (see map) makes it an ideal spot to manufacture for markets in both North and South America as well as Europe and Africa.

14. Since 1954, the island's sales to world markets other than the U.S. have almost doubled.

15. In 1962, the island's 900 "Operation Bootstrap" plants increased shipments to the U.S. by 20 percent to a record $497,000,000 or $83,000,000 more than in 1961.

16. In 1962, Puerto Rico *purchased* almost a billion dollars' worth of goods from the U.S. mainland. The Commonwealth now ranks fifth among the world's nations as a market for U.S. products.

Plants available, labor abundant

17. The Puerto Rican Government leaves no stone unturned to help manufacturers prosper. It is constantly building new plants. You can buy them or lease them. Rents are as low as 50 cents per square foot per year.

18. The government will screen job applicants for you—and then train them. The Commonwealth maintains twelve vocational schools offering instruction in over 55 trades—from accounting to zincography.

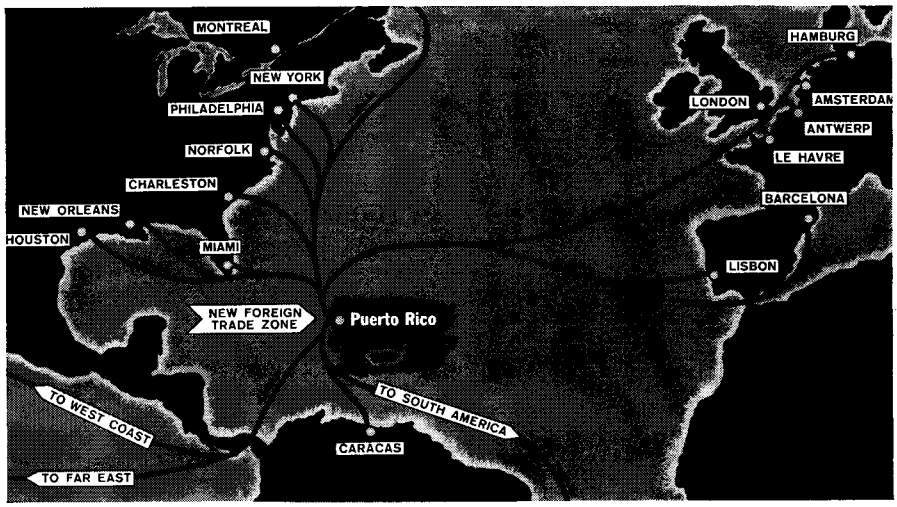
19. Puerto Rico's labor force now numbers 670,000—includes tens of thousands of skilled workers. Puerto Ricans are remarkably able with their hands, and eager to learn new trades.

20. Water and power are abundant in Puerto Rico. Electric power is 20 percent hydroelectric and 80 percent steam-generated. To handle future needs, the government has just built a new million-kilowatt thermoelectric power station.

21. A new $11 million atomic reactor has been added to Puerto Rico's fast-growing power system. It was built jointly with the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission.

Excellent transportation

22. San Juan's $20 million International Airport is the busiest air center in the Caribbean. This beautiful, modern airport handles scheduled and non-scheduled flights from the U.S., Europe, and South America. Scheduled flights alone total almost 400 per week.



Highly accessible location: Puerto Rico is served by 37 ocean lines and 12 airlines. You can fly by jet to Puerto Rico from New York in under 3¼ hours, from Miami in under 2¼ hours, from Los Angeles in 8½ hours.

23. Puerto Rico has 3 major seaports. They are at San Juan, on the north coast, Ponce, on the south coast, and Mayagüez on the west coast. Thirty-seven ocean lines carry cargo between these and major world ports.

24. New "trailerships" carry cargo in sealed truck bodies between these ports and U.S. Atlantic and Pacific ports. A sealed truck body is lifted off the trailer and onto the ship. At the port of debarkation, the body is lifted off the ship onto a waiting trailer. This saves time, prevents pilferage.

Strong ties to U.S.

25. The island's judicial system is similar to and *linked* with the U.S. courts, with ultimate appeal available to the Supreme Court of the United States. Property and investments are not only protected by the Puerto Rican Constitution, they are also guarded by all the guarantees of the U.S. Constitution.

26. Puerto Rico is economically a part of the United States. The island's currency is the U.S. dollar. Money, people and goods move freely between the U.S. and Puerto Rico. The island's postal system is a part of the U.S. postal system. The people are U.S. citizens and serve in the U.S. Armed Forces.

Good place to live

27. Over 5,000 U.S. executives live and work in Puerto Rico. One U.S. executive reports: *"The climate is probably as close to paradise as man will ever see."* The temperature usually stays in the balmy 70's. You golf, fish, swim and sail, 52 weeks a year. And you have more time for your family.

This is one in a series of national reports to U. S. industry on Puerto Rico's economic and cultural development during its first 10 years as an American Commonwealth. For extra copies, write: Progress Report #11 Commonwealth of Puerto Rico, 666 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N. Y.

Blue-chip firms in Puerto Rico

Company	No. of plants	Company	No. of plants
American Can	2	International Tel. & Tel.	1
American Hardware	1	Johnson & Johnson	1
American Motors	1	Kayser-Roth	8
Beatrice Foods	1	Kimberly-Clark	1
Beaunit Mills	1	Libby, McNeill & Libby	1
Borden	1	Midland-Ross	2
Brunswick	3	Mohasco Industries	1
Burlington Industries	1	National Biscuit	1
California Packing	1	Parke-Davis	2
Carborundum	1	Phelps Dodge	2
Central Soya	1	Philadelphia & Reading	1
Colgate-Palmolive	1	Ralston Purina	1
Commonwealth Oil Refining	1	Reichhold Chemicals	1
Consolidated Cigar	8	Shell Oil	2
Continenal Can	1	Sherwin-Williams	1
Daystrom	1	Sperry Rand	2
Ford Motor	1	Sprague Electric	2
General Electric	4	Sterling Drug	1
Glidden	1	Stokely-Van Camp	1
Goodrich (B.F.)	2	Sunbeam	2
Grace (W.R.)	1	Union Carbide	1
Gulf Oil	1	U.S. Rubber	1
Heinz (H.J.)	1	Warner-Lambert Pharmaceutical	2
Hunt Foods	1	Wilson	1
International Paper	4		
International Shoe	5		

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CORRESPONDENCE

CIVIL CONFLICT

To the Editor: I want to express my hearty thanks and appreciation for your compassionate and considerate Reporter Note "This Civil Conflict" in *The Reporter's* issue of July 4, coupled with several excellent articles dealing with the thorny problem of race relations.

We will look to you to continue from time to time to report to us with justice and sympathy the developments and progress made looking toward a solution of a problem that has been in and with all nations for many centuries, and that will take great good will and some patience before we have gone all the way in eradication of this grave evil that has its roots so deep in human nature.

BENJAMIN H. KIZER
Spokane, Washington

THE MILITANT MAJORITY

To the Editor: I enjoyed reading John P. Roche's essay on "The Curbing of the Militant Majority" (*The Reporter*, July 18). He has magnificently championed a more judicious approach to the benign role of the national centralized government of the United States. It is high time that someone did an equally superb job with regard to mass production and American manufacturers which so frightened Alexis de Tocqueville and has frightened many of his readers in the United States for a century and a quarter. The truth is that mass production, including mass education, not only did not threaten cultural standards but insofar as many more millions of people could be exposed to the refinements of culture, their own creative capacities were stimulated, and our cultural attainments have been higher than at any time in human history. Mass production and mass education have liberated hundreds of millions from many forms of tyranny, and because of the tremendous variety that they have brought about, even in cultural patterns, they have liberated many of us from the tyranny of militant bigots.

I have become impatient with those who mourn the loss of lofty standards in art, literature, and other forms of cultural enterprise because mobs are now literate. On the other hand, because hundreds of millions can now read and write, it is possible for many more to create and even publish, though what they write and publish may not enjoy the circulation of lower forms of art. But for mass production and mass education, many of the critics of the lowering of standards would still be illiterate themselves.

Mr. Roche has reminded us that we must always give a new look to the clichés that are to be found in our

AMERICA'S SECRET WEAPON... ITS LEADERS

There is a force of men and women who help our country hold its world place in science and development, in business and trade, in jobs and living standards.

Of course it is no secret leaders have to be trained and higher education is the best trainer. But our colleges are in a squeeze —many face serious shortages. Even now they are overcrowded, and soon applicants will double.

To hold our world position, we must appreciate that college is America's best friend. We must make certain our colleges have enough good classrooms, laboratory facilities and competent teachers.

Give to the college of your choice.

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"In the land of the blind the one-eyed is king"

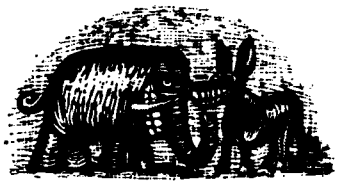
MONOCLE

is a quarterly journal of political satire whose editorial policy is that "the views of our contributors, no matter how conflicting and contradictory, are the views of the editors."

Every magazine has a Typical Reader. Playboy's *is the young man-about-town;* McCall's *is the family;* The New Yorker's *is not the old lady from Dubuque;* Seventeen's *is the teenage girl; and* MONOCLE'S, *we discovered, is Jack Kennedy.*

We didn't plan to write about Kennedy. We didn't mean to write about Kennedy. We didn't want to write about Kennedy. But there it was... So in our Preview Issue our lead story, called "A Perfect Day for Honeyfitz," by C. D. B. Bryan, began...

In the first place you've probably read a thousand goddam stories about them already. I mean every time you pick up a magazine there's some phony article about them written by a seamstress, or an ex-roommate, or a sailor on a PT boat, for Chrissake. And I'm sick and tired of all those phonies who say they could tell by the way he brushed his *teeth* at *Choate,* for Chrissake, that he would become President of the United States. In the first place he hardly ever brushed his teeth—I don't mean he *never* brushed them, or anything. I mean he didn't brush them any three goddam times a day, that's all...



Even our Japanese correspondent sent us an item about a forthcoming best-seller called Destiny's Deckhand, *which turned out to be an autobiography of the seaman who was on the destroyer that rammed Kennedy's PT-109.*

The White House still refused to cancel its subscription, *so in the fall of 1962 we started publishing a weekly newsletter—*

THE OUTSIDER'S NEWSLETTER

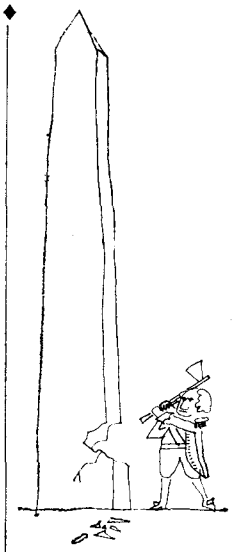
whose real purpose was to avoid talking about the Kennedys. We expressed our lofty aim in an opening editorial: Just about anybody can get the 'inside' story by reading such sheets as Time and I. F. Stone's Weekly. But it takes persistence, courage, and intelligent ignorance to get the outside story —the story of what is *not* going on. It is our purpose to tell that story.

Despite our honest intention to avoid the dynasty issue in Teddy Kennedy's senatorial campaign, we found THE OUTSIDER'S NEWSLETTER *reporting on The Edward M. Kennedy Foundation, whose purpose was to give other unqualified young men the chance that Teddy had. We pointed out that "thousands of people in our society are wasting away in obscure monotonous jobs because a lack of qualifications and experience prevents them from starting at the top. This is a tremendous waste of manpower. With a trust fund and the right connections these people could be holding down responsible positions in government, industry and the arts."*

Our News Managing Editor, Marvin Kitman, has tried to get us off the Kennedys. Our newsletter includes Letters to Other Editors (we tell them what's wrong with their publications), Junket-tours, Inc., a travel agency for Congressmen, poems of protest, a feature called "I'm Not Prejudiced But..." (e.g. "Negro mathematicians have a natural sense of logarithm"), a comic strip with Herman Kahn as Superman, the adventures of James Bland of Her Majesty's Most Secret Service, constitutional questions ("Is a person born in Mississippi of American parents eligible to be President of the United States?"), and television shows for the UN: "77 Gaza Strip" and "Dr. Ben Bella"...but then somebody mistook our Executive Editor, Richard R. Lingeman, for Charles Bartlett and leaked us Robert Kennedy's diary:

Tues. Today was Jack's inauguration ...The ceremonies went along smoothly until an old man named Frost tried to read a poem and was unable to do the complete job. Jack tells me he is some kind of famous poet. That may be true but he certainly put on a shoddy performance today. I don't care how famous a man is in his line of work, if he can't deliver the goods when it counts, he should let someone else take his place on the firing line. Some of the poetry Ethel writes is better than the one he read.

Help us to break the Kennedy habit. Subscribe now so that the editors of MONOCLE *and* THE OUTSIDER'S NEWSLETTER *can travel to far-off lands and write about what's not going on in Monaco, Paris, Lichtenstein...*



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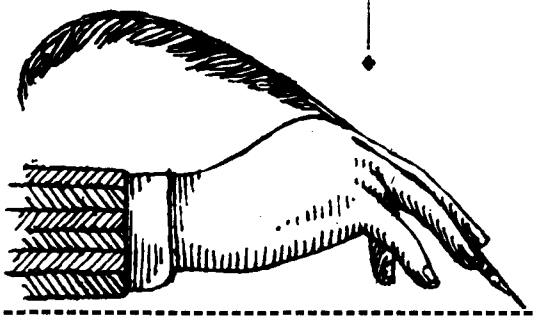

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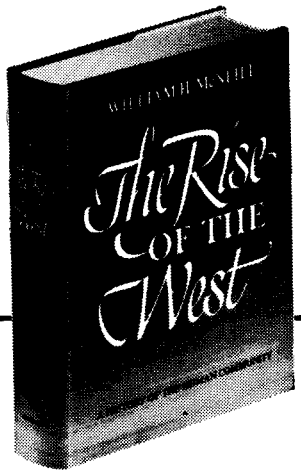

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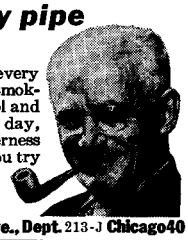

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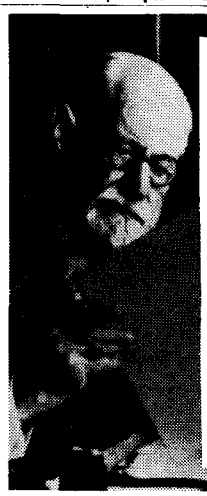

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RABBI EMANUEL RACKMAN
Congregation Shaaray Tefila
Far Rockaway, New York

To the Editor: I think Mr. Roche's article misrepresents the views of most civil libertarians when he attributes to them a failure to appreciate the important assistance governmental agencies can give and have given to civil liberties—by legislation, executive action, and judicial decision. The American Civil Liberties Union, for one, has been for many years active in support of legislation, state and Federal, in the field of discrimination, search and seizure, etc. And, long before the current spate of NAACP cases mentioned by Mr. Roche, lawyers had been watching trial records to preserve Constitutional issues. The notable development of the law of civil liberties since *Norris* v. *Alabama* in 1935 and *deJonge* v. *Oregon* in 1937 is due in large part to the awareness of such lawyers and the assistance given them by various organizations, among which, of course, the NAACP and the ACLU have been very prominent.

While I agree with Mr. Roche's conclusion that we enjoy a far greater range of personal liberty today than ever before, he neglects an important aspect of our recent history, one that has led to the expressions of concern with respect to "official orthodoxy" mentioned in the ACLU's latest Annual Report, which Mr. Roche quotes. For it is undeniable that the cold war has led to a variety of restrictions previously unthought of, particularly in relation to government employment. And since the range, direct and indirect, of such employment has enormously increased, almost all observers have noted a trend to conformity. This was, for a long time, particularly noticeable in the student body of the country, fearful lest participation in unorthodox causes might prove an obstacle to later employment. The recent anti-discrimination demonstrations appear to have shocked our youth out of their inertia, but it remains to be seen whether this will carry over into the political area. For a truly radical Left, which has almost always existed, however tiny, is today hardly noticeable.

Finally, the theme of Mr. Roche's piece that majorities must be curbed has always been the theme of the civil libertarian, whether the majority be thought of as government, big industry, arbitrary unions, or just a mob on the rampage.

OSMOND K. FRAENKEL
Counsel to American Civil Liberties Union
New York

To the Editor: Mr. Roche, in his incisive and even epigrammatic comment, has stated the classic case of that segment of American political thought

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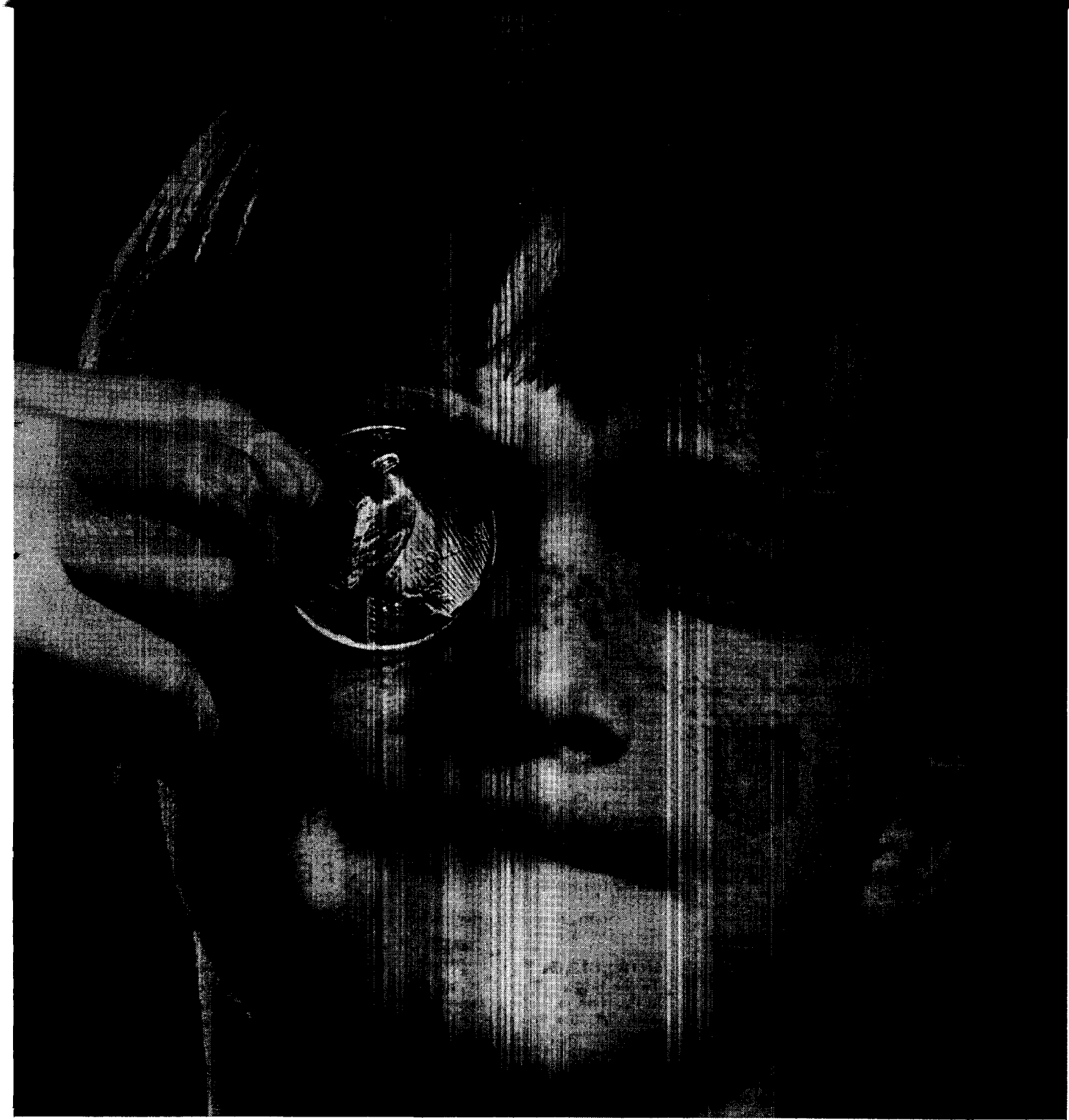

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which may be termed the "new liberal."

But he may have missed the deeper point of contention of the "classic" liberal: that centralized governmental power, expressed through elaborate bureaucratic structures, acts to the detriment of individual freedom by reason of an ineluctable process of the interior mechanism of organizational activity itself. In other words, the author has attacked the classical liberal doctrine in its simplistic form, which holds that any power is bad because it is centralized geographically and because this robs local communities of the authority to order their lives as they see fit.

It is quite possible for the author's contention that strengthened central government has provided greater "actual" freedom for the public to be true, and for it to be equally true that bureaucracy, because its ultimate purpose is in some wise to order human relationships, must act as an agent of control, and thereby of limitation on individual freedom. These two things are distinct though related problems.

BRUCE MICARI
Chicago

IOWA DRINKS

To the Editor: Booze is legal in Iowa, and thanks to Drake Mabry's article, "A Drought Ends in Iowa" (*The Reporter*, July 4), now the whole world knows the good news.

His account of the Senate debate in the legislature was wonderful, especially the part where he described the speech of a former WCTU essay winner who allowed that Churchill's greatness could be attributed to his cognac. But no such speech was made in the Senate. The House of Representatives claims the glory. It is worth the time to set the record straight because that speech was the only sensible utterance during the whole brawl.

L. D. CARSTENSEN
State House of Representatives
Des Moines

HOW BLACK?

To the Editor: While I strongly believe in the right of Negroes to have a good education and to vote (as they can in New Orleans), your articles are not fair to the Southern whites.

The story "Black Is My Favorite Color," by Bernard Malamud in your July 18 issue, is far below the standards of *The Reporter*. Poorly written and of very doubtful artistic value, its moral implication is shocking. Fiction of this character is certainly not conducive to the development of better relations between the races.

MRS. JOHN A. JENKINS
New Orleans

To the Editor: I nominate Bernard Malamud's bittersweet "Black Is My Favorite Color" as the best short story of the year.

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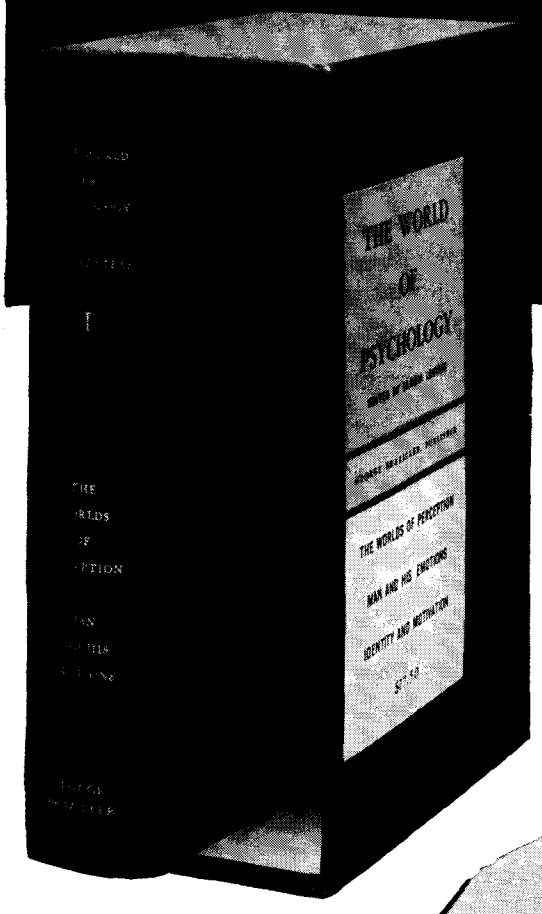

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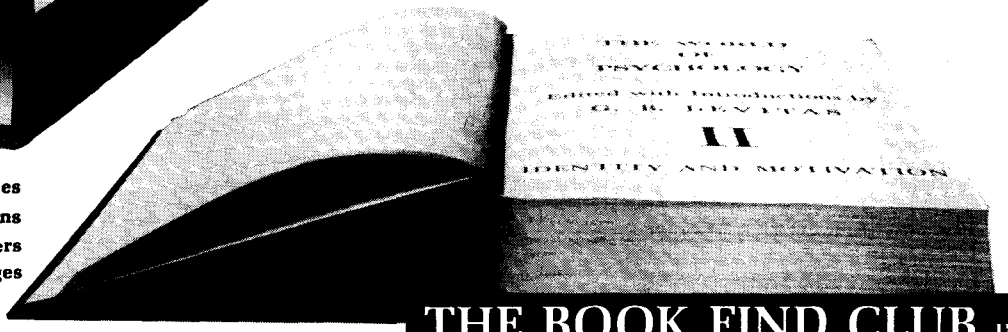

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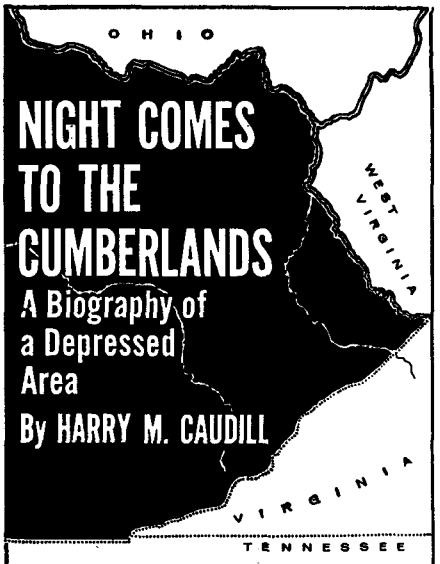

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

After the Test Ban

The test-ban treaty is to be welcomed as an expression of humanity's commitment to its own salvation, and the President's defense of the treaty was an eloquent statement of that commitment. As a substantive disarmament measure, it is, as the administration never ceases to tell us, only a "first step," not much more than a "symbol" of more meaningful steps to come.

There is already evidence aplenty that Khrushchev is bent on using the treaty for ends that the Soviet government has been pursuing even before Khrushchev became the master of the Soviet Union. An earlier apostle of peaceful coexistence put the matter clearly: "If today," Premier Malenkov remarked in 1953, "in conditions of tension in international relations, the North Atlantic bloc is rent by internal strife and contradictions, the lessening of this tension may lead to its disintegration." The disintegration of NATO is Khrushchev's aim. The administration's dilemma is how to pursue the *détente* with the Soviet Union successfully without bringing NATO into further disarray.

For quite a while Khrushchev has tried to make us believe that he stood in mortal danger from unregenerate, warmongering Stalinists in the Kremlin ready to topple him from power if he did not bring home the bacon—or at least a few slices of salami—from West Berlin. True, these neo-Stalinist devils remained largely unidentified. They have been replaced by their Chinese counterparts, who have the advantage of being far more visible and vocal. So much more plausible are they, in fact, that right after last fall's Cuban crisis, Khrushchev undertook to convince the world that one of the achievements of his Cuban adventure was to prove to the Chinese that the American paper tiger really did have "nuclear teeth." He was only trying to promote peaceful coexistence both in his and our interest.

On the eve of the Moscow meeting, one leading news magazine reported that "it was to bolster Khrushchev's position that Harriman was dispatched to Moscow to arrange the test ban. On his return from Moscow Mr. Harriman himself admitted as much: "I think it is fairly plain that Mr. Khrushchev wanted to show—to the Chinese—that his policy of coexistence could produce some results."

Even before the perilous confrontation in Berlin two years ago when the Wall was erected, there were many official pronouncements of the view that we must never confront our opponent with the "choice of either a humiliating retreat or a nuclear war." From the first intimation of this doctrine in July, 1961, Khrushchev must have read into it an invitation to nuclear blackmail. However unpleasant to contemplate, may this not be the real lesson of the Cuba crisis last fall? Without decrying the importance of getting the missiles out of Cuba, the gnawing question remains—whether from the outset of his Cuban gamble Khrushchev was out to get pretty much just what he got: a political base in the Caribbean and, with any luck, a military base as well. Along with it he achieved a long-standing objective of Soviet foreign policy: direct and intimate communication with Washington over the heads of our allies.

Whatever the case may be, Khrushchev appears to be so carried away with what he sees as a new form of American co-operation that he is now asking our help in the new peace offensive launched against our European allies, with whom we have enough troubles of our own. We have been asked to persuade our allies to accept a non-aggression pact between the NATO and the Warsaw powers. For this

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most of our allies have no stomach, but it has been suggested that it is possible to get around the difficulty by means of unilateral declarations or parallel protocols, thus avoiding a formal pact between two groups of nations whose bonds of union are utterly different and irreconcilable. Ernest A. Gross, one of our foremost authorities on international law, commented on this proposal in an admirable letter to the New York *Times*. Such devices, he wrote, "would, in fact, have precisely the same effect in international law as a joint agreement."

Certainly it is right that the United States and its allies should tirelessly try to find some livable type of coexistence. But the West's devotion to peace is no reason to sign up as charter members of the Help Save Khrushchev movement.

We are told that Khrushchev wants a *détente* with the West to avoid having to wage his cold-war battles on two fronts. But it would seem only prudent to assume that he is even more eager to see *us* engaged on two fronts—or if possible on three or four, for Mr. Khrushchev is an ambitious man.

If China, in its new isolation, can be goaded into an open clash with the United States in Southeast Asia or the Formosan Strait while Khrushchev is fishing in the troubled waters of Western Europe, this would suit him very nicely. For the rest, he already has, in effect, a kind of third front in the Caribbean which can supply a bit of leverage when needed. Far from being in serious trouble, Khrushchev seems to be suffering from an abundance of opportunities, which possibly accounts for the remarkable jollity he has been displaying in recent weeks.

—PHILIP HORTON

Postscript on Birmingham

The other afternoon ten Negroes sat and were served at the lunch counters of five of Birmingham's largest department stores. It was one of the promised consequences of the truce negotiated during the demonstrations in that city last spring.

As a historical breakthrough, the affair seemed a bit contrived. The Negroes, preselected by their leaders, arrived well after the lunch hour when the counters were fairly deserted. They came in twosomes and sat away from other customers. Even the color of their clothes had been made known in advance to avoid misidentification or mishap. By the third day, they switched for variety's sake to a morning routine, having their lunch hour soon after the stores opened.

The opposition, too, was not as spontaneous as had been anticipated. A sad little quartet representing the National State's Rights Party attempted to demonstrate in front of the stores but were promptly arrested under the same ordinance employed against the Negro demonstrators a few months ago. Our correspondent, who had made an engagement to interview the NSRP leader at the scene of action, arrived at the appointed hour to see the departing paddy wagon with a few Confederate flags fluttering through its barred windows.

But the city, at last report, remained on its foundations. The lunch-counter visitations have still been so few and so fleeting that our correspondent's tour of the five stores turned up only one instance of live integration. He had a problem, of course, in distinguishing potential diners from the throngs of Negro shoppers who, now that their boycott is lifted, are freely trading elsewhere in the stores. One elderly Negro who said he had not been inside a store for a year and a half claimed he detected an increased friendliness on his return. "They treated me just like a customer," he said with wry appreciation.

It is too easy to be whimsical about these baby steps in race relations, so clumsy and so full of wasted motion. But they do indicate that the city of Birmingham is trying to move a little. The new mayor, Albert Boutwell, has appointed a biracial committee and the segregation statutes have been removed from the books. Six months ago, who could have prophesied these minor miracles?

Decisions, Decisions . . .

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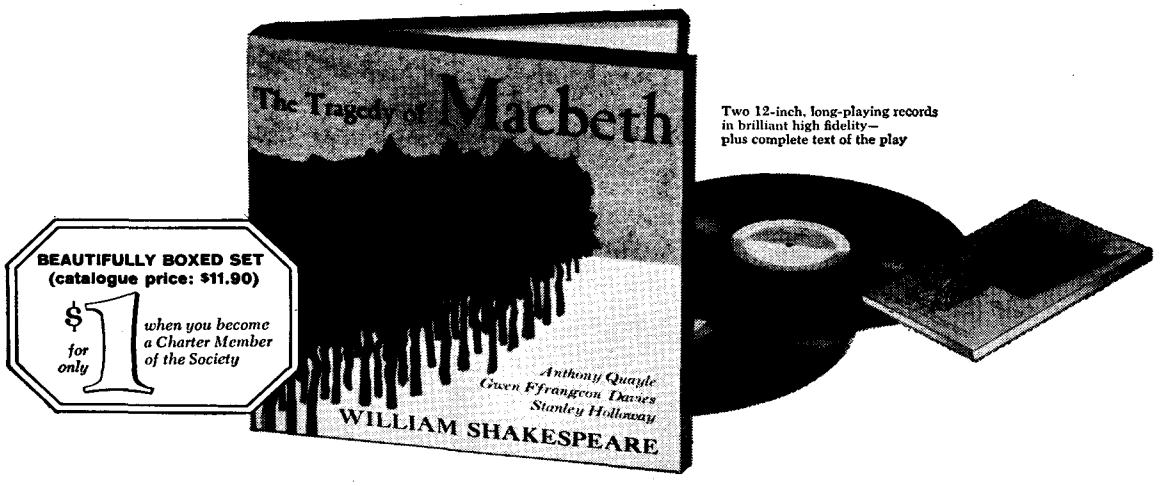
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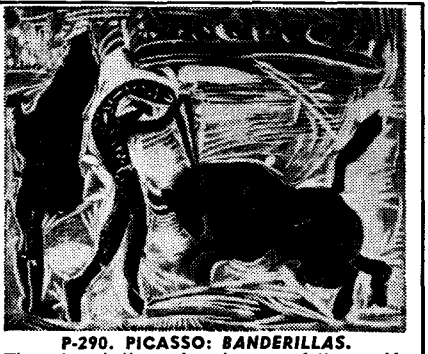

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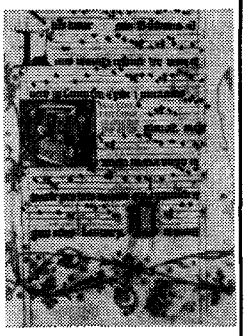

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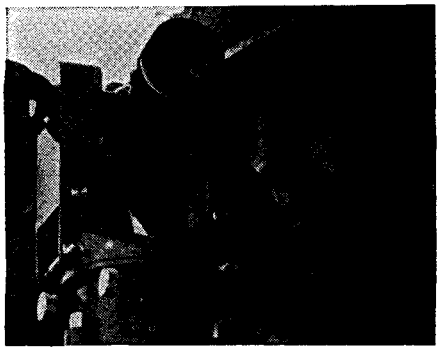
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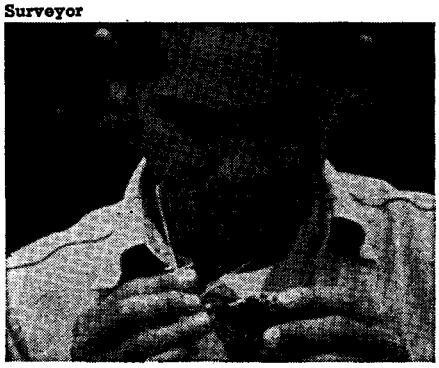
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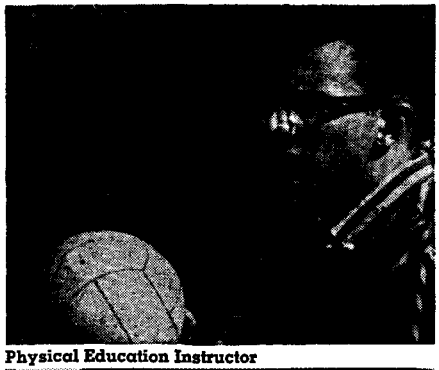
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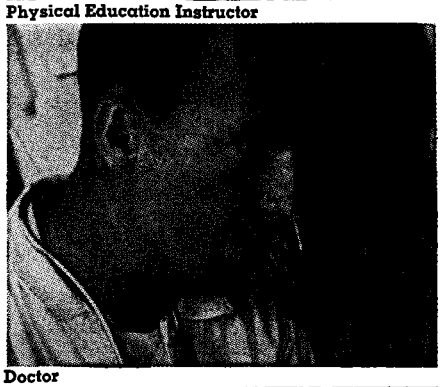
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WASHINGTON 25, D. C.

writes Theodore C. Sorensen, special counsel to the President, in one of two articles that have just appeared in the *Saturday Review* on the ever-popular subject of decision-making in high places. In our view, the President may not only be compared with his thirty-three White House predecessors but with his spiritual predecessors going back at least thirty-three centuries.

Moses, for example, considered his own burdens all but intolerable and, in Numbers 11, did not hesitate to complain about it to his Principal Adviser. Moses, of course, only had one adviser, and so he escaped the dilemma Mr. Sorensen describes of having to choose among them when there is conflict and when some of them are probably hedging their bets. But consider poor King Croesus of Lydia. He shopped around among no fewer than seven oracles before he took the advice of one and embarked on what turned out to be a military disaster. And when he returned to complain, what did the oracle say? It pointed out that it had only advised him that "a nation would fall," and that one had—his. Or take Mr. Sorensen's account of how difficult it is to acquire the right perspective for making decisions. If Herodotus is to be believed, the Persians were fully familiar with the problem and had worked out their own solution for it. "If an important decision is to be made," he writes, "they discuss the question when they are drunk, and the following day the master . . . submits their decision for reconsideration when they are sober. If they still approve, it is adopted; if not, it is abandoned." While that may sound like little more than prudence on the part of the Persians, Herodotus makes it quite clear that, in fact, it was policy. "Conversely," he records, "any decision made when they are sober, is reconsidered when they are drunk." According to Mr. Sorensen, "decision-making is not a science but an art." We will go along with that, since we think it always has been. But he fails to mention that it has also become something of an art form—indeed one of the performing arts. In particular we have in mind the announcement that Robert Drew Associates has filmed for television a close-up show of the President and the Attorney General

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making all sorts of decisions about how to deal with Governor George Wallace during the Alabama integration crisis. Amid all the protests that have been voiced against the show, it seems to have been forgotten that the cameras of Robert Drew Associates have been in the White House before. Early in 1961, in fact, we were privileged to watch a Presidential decision being made right in front of them. "Now Ted Sorensen is posing a question," the narrator said on that memorable occasion. "For an insight into the workings of the Kennedy mind, watch how and when Sorensen finally gets his answer." He got his answer, as we recall, after the President had walked around for a few minutes. We never learned what the answer was—or the question, for that matter—but we hadn't really expected to, since Robert Drew Associates had already warned us, "We will not be privileged to hear everything to be said." Still, it was, as entertainment goes, a great advance over the somewhat stagy "cabinet meeting" held on television by President Eisenhower; and we have no doubt that great advances have been made in the art since then. The New York *Times* has railed against the forthcoming show on grounds that "the process of decision making is not the occasion for the creation of an 'image,'" but how anyone who has read the literature of the present administration on the sorrows and the momentousness of decision making could think it had the slightest concern for its "image" in any of this, we will never understand. It is obvious to us that the lonely burdens simply become less lonely with all of us out there watching.

To anyone with what is called a sense of history, it becomes equally obvious that there may even be an advance in the art of decision making in the offing. What we are getting at is that the administration, if it is truly fearful for its perspective, might consider the possibility of making *all* its decisions on television during prime evening time and then reconsidering them off camera the next day to see if they still seemed good and vice versa. The New York *Times* may find the suggestion frivolous. But we are only trying to be helpful.

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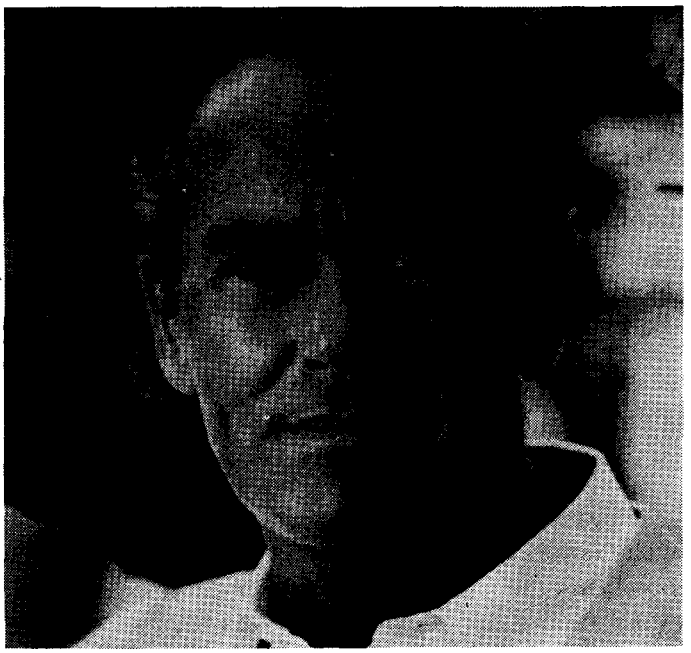

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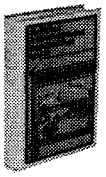

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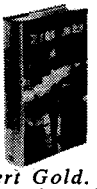

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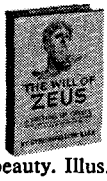

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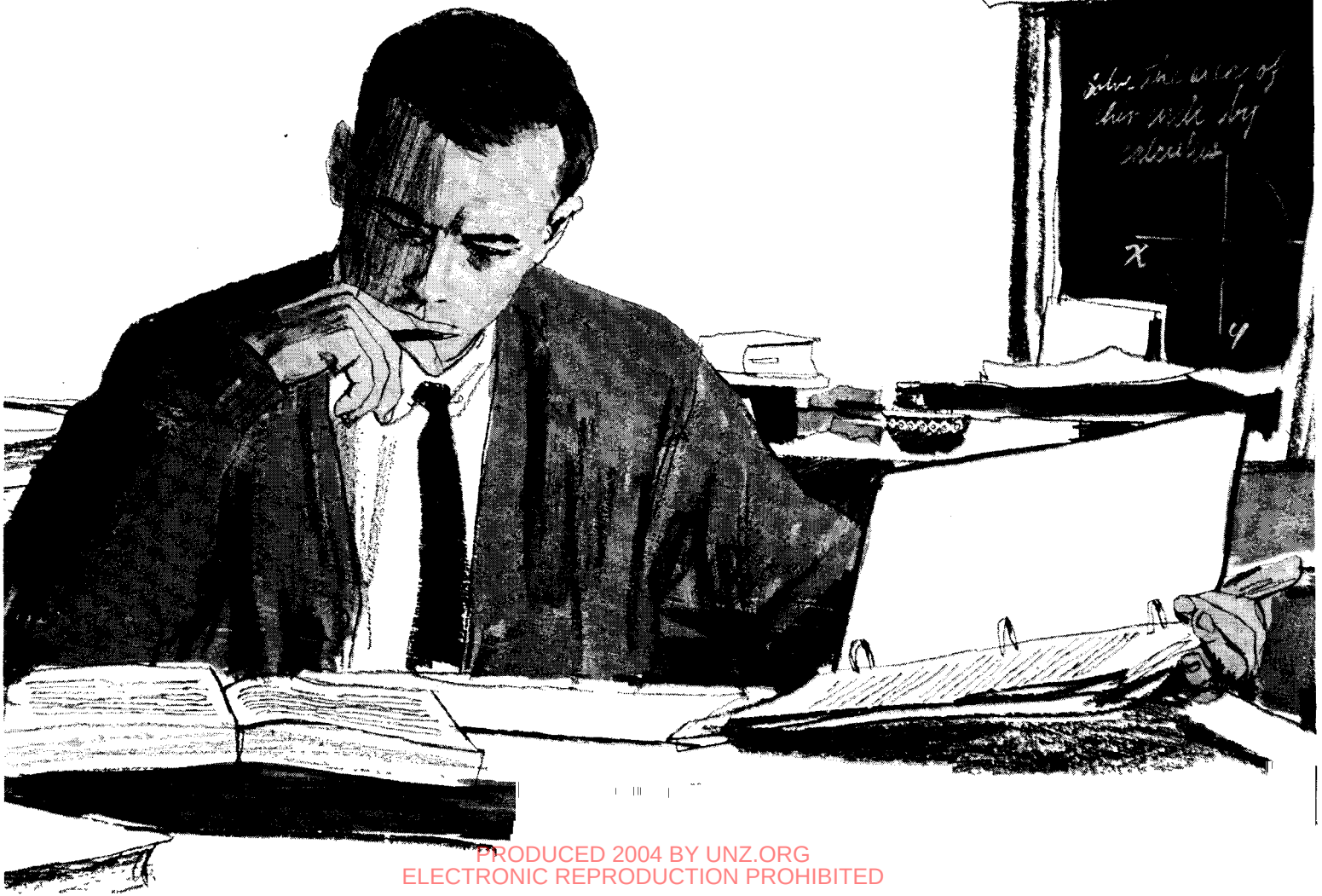

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Castro, Khrushchev, and Mao

THEODORE DRAPER

EVER SINCE he came into power four and a half years ago, Fidel Castro has not been able to pursue a consistent course for more than six months at a time, and the last half year has been no exception. He has again made an abrupt turn, especially in his relations to the two main Communist powers, Russia and China.

After Khrushchev agreed to take the Soviet missiles out of Cuba last fall, Castro made no attempt to conceal his grievances and wounded pride. This mood was most notably reflected in speeches on January 2 and 16 of this year. In the first, he angrily reaffirmed the "right" of Cuba to possess missiles and rejected "unilateral inspection," whatever Khrushchev may have said or implied to the contrary. Castro also seemed to stake out for himself a Communist sphere of influence by holding up the Cuban revolution as the "example" to be followed in Latin America. And he injected himself into the Soviet-Chinese conflict by giving little Cuba the mission of striving for the "unity" of the two great antagonists, a formula that at least gave him a pretext for avoiding a choice between them.

In the second speech, Castro added sharp references to some of his Communist brethren to his bill of complaints. He berated them for spreading "false interpretations" and distorting the "historic truths" of the Cuban revolution in order to justify a policy of "peaceful transition." He taunted them by saying that the "objective conditions" for revolution already existed in most of Latin America, and that only the absence of the "subjective conditions," or their own lack of revolutionary will, held it back. He accused them of such monstrous vices as "conformism" with imperialism and "fear of revolutions." He even turned on "some people" within Cuba itself, evidently old-time pro-Russian Communists, who had spoken privately in support of "unilateral inspection," and charged that the same people would surrender to an invasion "without firing a shot."

This was Castro's most extreme expression of both his resentments and ambitions. His emphasis on the immediate, violent overthrow of most existing Latin-American régimes and his scorn for the "beatific," "reformist" policies of most Latin-American Communist Parties seemed to be more than a faint echo of Mao's line. In any case, whether intentionally or not, Castro reacted against Khrushchev's handling of the missiles crisis by giving aid and comfort to Mao, and some non-Cuban Fidelistas apparently took the cue to mean that Mao should be openly supported against Khrushchev. In the United States, for example, Leo Huberman and Paul M. Sweezy, two of Castro's most ardent and indefatigable admirers, changed the political line that had bound them for decades to the Soviet Union and, in the May, 1963, issue of their *Monthly Review*, came out with a militant manifesto repudiating Khrushchev and embracing Mao.

Yet, Castro, even at the worst of his sulkiness, had carefully ab-

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stained from taking sides openly in the Khrushchev-Mao struggle. Instead, he had offered himself as the "honest broker" to patch up their differences, with the implication that his interests were divided between them or that he was less interested in seeing one win over the other than in getting the most out of both of them. If his external ambitions had Maoist overtones, his economy at home was almost totally dependent on Khrushchev. Nevertheless, even when he seemed closest to Mao in his revolutionary prescriptions for Latin America, his goal was unquestionably his own aggrandizement, not Mao's.

In his January speeches, Castro clearly indicated that solving his own problems through Latin-American insurrections appealed to him far more than the hard, slow economic grind at home. But this initial impulse confronted Castro with some grave questions. Was he ready for the job of virtually declaring war on the most important Latin-American Communist Parties? How long could he keep up his precarious balancing act between Russia and China? And if he had to come down on one side or the other, what would be the practical consequences for Cuba of defying Khrushchev or of disappointing Mao?

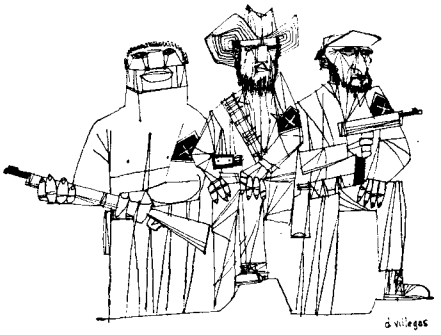
A Sentimental Journey

Neither the Russians nor the Latin-American Communist leaders closest to them could permit these cross-currents and mixed motives in Castro's behavior to continue indefinitely. In February, the outstanding leader of the Brazilian Communist Party, Luis Carlos Prestes, journeyed to Moscow and then flew directly to Havana. This was Prestes' first visit to the Cuban capital, and what brought him there was clearly intimated in an interview published in the Cuban Communist organ *Hoy* on March 9.

"There are persons," said Prestes, "who mistakenly believe that the initiation of an armed struggle in Brazil to topple the government would constitute the best support for Cuba. In the present conditions of Brazil, this would be completely wrong. It would isolate the Communists from the masses and facilitate the work of those who are pressing the government in the direction of breaking relations with the Cuban government." Prestes added: "For Marxism-Leninism, revolution is not synonymous with violence; it is fundamentally a change of classes in power; and that is possible, in certain countries of Latin America, in present conditions, without civil war and without armed insurrection."

This was not at all the language that Castro had been speaking, and it brought out into the open the long-standing resistance of the oldest and largest Latin-American Communist Parties to the violent extremism that had become the distinctive feature of Fidelismo. That the disputes could not go on much longer was suddenly disclosed by the arrival of Castro in Soviet Russia on April 27. The two basic documents that came out of this extraordinarily protracted sojourn were a joint statement signed by Khrushchev and Castro on May 23 and Castro's television report of his trip on June 4. Once again, however, a key speech by Castro was not adequately reported in the American press, and the full import of Castro's trip has not received the attention it deserves.

To say that Castro made his peace with Khrushchev is hardly to do justice to the change that has taken place in their relations since the missiles crisis. In his June 4 speech, Castro went far beyond the call of duty in his ecstatic account of Soviet military might and economic prog-



ress. He spent about twenty minutes extolling Khrushchev personally—"extraordinarily human character," "extraordinarily intelligent," "extraordinary mental energy, a complete, complete, mental lucidity; not only a great mental clarity, a great mental agility, quick mind; he is without the slightest doubt one of the most brilliant intellects that I have ever known," and much more of the same. In the present circumstances in the Communist world, the following eulogy of Khrushchev cannot be accounted for simply as the conventional flattery by an honored guest of his official host: "I do not know what opinion the imperialists have of Khrushchev, but I have the opinion that Khrushchev is a serious adversary of imperialism . . . I have gained the impression that he is a great leader and a formidable adversary of imperialism."

Castro may not know what the imperialists think of Khrushchev, but he can hardly claim complete ignorance about what the Chinese think of the Soviet leader. In fact, Castro immediately followed his lengthy adulation of Khrushchev with a passage that the Chinese could only interpret as addressed primarily to themselves. Castro recalled that the Cubans had come out for "union and discussion" among the warring Communist leaderships, and he advised all and sundry that *"Compañero* Khrushchev" was pre-eminently a man with whom one could have a frank, honest, sincere, satisfactory discussion. Castro thus emphasized his own conviction that there was no need for and much harm in the kind of "public polemics" engaged in by the Chinese.

Indeed, I cannot recall when Castro has spoken of any living person with the admiration and enthusiasm he bestowed on Khrushchev. No East European satellite leader has found it necessary to put on such a performance in praise of his chief.

The timing of Castro's visit to the Soviet Union was just as significant as its tenor. Instead of waiting for the outcome of the formal Soviet-Chinese meeting in July, Castro arranged his trip to give the Soviets the maximum benefit of his support. He chose to make known his complete faith in the Soviets and to sing the praises of Khrushchev at a time when Chinese-Soviet relations were deteriorating rapidly and "unity" was farther away than ever.

Since Castro reported that he and Khrushchev had talked at length on "all problems, all questions," and

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analyzed "everything" together, they could not have overlooked the Chinese-Soviet dispute, and Castro clearly chose to go all-out for Khrushchev with that, among other things, in mind.

The Cubans would naturally like to pay their obeisances to Khrushchev without bringing Mao's wrath on their heads: On June 4, Castro tried, not very convincingly, to mollify the Chinese by pretending that there was no difference between the Chinese and the Russians on the issue of war. And late in July in Algiers, Minister of Industries Ernesto "Che" Guevara backed away from Castro's position six months earlier of helping to reconcile the Russians and Chinese. Guevara refused to say "who is right in this conflict because we are small" and "cannot attempt to be arbitrator, judge, or to play any other part of this kind." Cuba's size had never inhibited its leaders from deciding what was right or wrong before, and Cuba has now leaned so far over to the Soviet side that it could not possibly attempt to arbitrate or judge. It is obviously not in Castro's interest to pick an open quarrel with Mao, and the only question now is whether it is in Mao's interest to pick an open quarrel with Castro.

Money Talks

Why did Castro do it? The chief clue lies in the new line on Cuban economic policy Castro brought back from Russia. In his June 4 speech, he contrasted the Soviet and Cuban economies. In Russia, he said, "everyone is dedicated to the economy" with such seriousness that "a Cuban visitor feels a little ashamed" of his own people's attitude. He called the Cubans "somewhat idealistic revolutionaries" who "agitate a great deal" and "mobilize a great deal" but "build all that in the air," without realizing that everything must have an "absolutely fundamental basis in the economy." He was somewhat "ashamed" that many good Cuban revolutionaries ate, slept, wore shoes, and dressed without even knowing that the economy existed.

In this area, Castro served notice that the Cubans would have to become like the Russians. The Cubans, he said repeatedly, had had it too easy. It was a "great vice" to permit anyone to make an error in production and merely transfer him to another job, sometimes with higher pay. From now on, this vice, "among others, many others," would have to go, and the only question would be how well anyone performed on the job. All salaries would be based on "productivity" and "norms." Workers who did not do their jobs well would have their wages cut.

The lesson, then, that Castro brought back from Russia was that Communism could not work in Cuba without far more "discipline" and "responsibility." In some ways, the Cuban people will only now begin to learn what a thoroughgoing Communist régime is like. And "Communist" is now the official designation for Castro's régime. Heretofore, circumlocutions like "socialist" and "Marxist-Leninist" had always been favored. But in January of this year the Cuban leaders, including Minister of the Armed Forces Raúl Castro, Minister of Education Armando Hart, and Guevara began to refer to themselves publicly as Communists. Fidel Castro himself the following month poked fun at Secretary of Defense McNamara for having inferentially distinguished between *Castrismo* and *Comunismo*. And in his June 4 speech Castro went all the way and proclaimed: "We are Communists and we belong to the socialist camp, and our fate will be the fate of all Communists, of the international Communist movement, of the Communist revolution."

THE OPEN ADOPTION of the term "Communist" coincided with a decision to speed the building of a new full-fledged Cuban Communist Party, called the Partido Unido de la Revolución Socialista, or PURS. The new party had been projected as far back as the early summer of 1961 to supersede the preliminary form of party organization, the Organizaciones Revolucionarias Integradas, or ORI. But the purge of the former Communist leader Aníbal Escalante in March, 1962, and the missiles crisis last October set back the schedule, and Castro concentrated on building up his armed forces instead of a political machine. Early this year, however, the organization of PURS began in earnest on a provincial and municipal level. Here again, Castro brought back an important new concept from Russia. Party organization, he discovered, had been largely responsible for Russia's economic development, and what was good for Russia had to be good for Cuba too. This new emphasis on the party has also been accompanied by another great reconciliation between the old-time Fidelistas and the old-time Communists. The twenty-fifth anniversary of *Hoy* on May 16 served as an occasion for tributes to the old-time Communists such as had not been customary since the purge of Escalante.

Castro's unconditional backing of Khrushchev was influenced by another and, according to Castro himself, the most important economic factor. From now on, the Cuban economy will be based on an "international division of labor" within the Soviet bloc. Castro agreed in Moscow that Cuba should specialize in certain fields of production for which the island is best fitted by nature. Subsequent statements by Carlos Rafael Rodríguez, the old-time Communist head of the agricultural reform institute, INRA, on June 15 and by Castro on June 18 made clear that this meant primarily agriculture and fishing. Castro on June 4 also remarked that Cuba would ultimately be integrated into a Latin-American economic system, but he had put that off into the distant future "when historical conditions and the process of evolution of the people determine it."

In the past, the Cuban Communists had waged war against the so-called doctrine of "complementary economies," according to which Cuba was supposed to produce raw materials and buy other goods from more highly industrialized countries. As long as this doctrine served to make Cuba economically dependent on the United States, it was violently denounced as an imperialist invention designed to perpetuate the semi-colonial character of the Cuban economy. Now essentially the same doctrine has been resurrected in a "socialist" version as the "international division of labor." The Khrushchev-Castro statement committed the Soviet Union to installing

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three steel-processing plants and a large power station as well as developing the nickel and chemical industries in Cuba, but it remains to be seen whether these promises will be fufilled any better than previous ones. In any case, it is clear that the old aim of industrializing Cuba has been given up. Cuba has been assigned a predominantly agricultural role in the Soviet economic scheme, and the Cuba of the future, according to the latest blueprint, is not going to be very different economically from the Cuba of the past.

Whereas an "anti-sugar policy" had characterized the first years of the Castro régime, the new economic line is based on the restoration of sugar production to its former eminence. Castro himself stated on June 27 that from now on the Cuban economy "fundamentally depends on sugar."

FROM A "Marxist" point of view, the complete integration of Cuba into the Soviet economic system could not fail to have the most far-reaching political implications and consequences. A Cuba that attempted to stand between Russia and China would have required a degree of economic independence that Castro had long ago surrendered to the Russians. Thus, Castro's economic and political positions in the Communist world had to be—and now have been—brought into line.

In his June 4 speech, Castro took pains to protest that his latest turn was "honorable, objective, disinterested," and not based on "economic interest." It is amusing to observe that self-styled Marxists always attribute economic motives to their opponents but cannot bear the thought that they might be subject to the same motives themselves. In any case, according to the new line brought back from Russia by Castro, his domestic necessities have for the time being taken precedence over his foreign ambitions.

Not that Castro has surrendered all claim as a Latin-American Communist leader. The *modus vivendi* worked out in Moscow by Castro and Khrushchev largely represents a victory for Soviet policy, but it apparently contained some mutual concessions and compromises. The section on "peaceful coexistence" was clearly Soviet in inspiration. The Chinese would hardly subscribe to the proposition that "In the present conditions the struggle for peace is the most important problem of humanity." For the Chinese the struggle for revolution is the most important problem, and the struggle for peace is dependent on it.

Peace and/or Revolution?

But Castro was undoubtedly far more interested in what the joint statement said about the specific role of force or violence in future revolutions, especially in Latin America. On this score, the state-

ment of May 23 declares: "CPSU and PURS consider that the question of a peaceful or nonpeaceful road to socialism in one country or another will be answered in the final analysis by the struggling peoples themselves, according to the concrete correlation of class forces and the degree of resistance from the exploiting classes to the socialist transformation of society."

This formula is far vaguer than the one Castro had offered on January 16. At that time he had insisted that the majority of Latin-American countries were ripe for immediate revolution on the Cuban model, and though he had accepted the abstract possibility of a "peaceful transition," he had skeptically pointed out that he was still waiting for the first such case.

The May 23 statement on this point probably concealed as much as it revealed. It may have been deliberately drawn up to skirt the main issue, on which a disagreement still prevails, and to lend itself to different interpretations. More likely it represents a temporary compromise permitting the larger Communist Parties of South America, such as the Argentine and Chilean, to decide their own "road to power" without Cuban interference, while giving Castro a smaller sphere of influence in and around the Caribbean, notably in the Dominican Republic, Colombia, and Venezuela. The continuing terrorist campaign by pro-Castro forces in Venezuela, openly inspired from Cuba, indicates that Castro has not yet given up his insurrectionary line where he has the local influence to make it effective.

Whatever the arrangement proves to be, the Khrushchev-Castro understanding as a whole should caution against some of the current oversimplifications of the Soviet-Chinese dispute. The Chinese have tried to give the struggle an ideological justification by making it into one of "Right" versus "Left," as if the Soviets wanted peace at the price of revolution and they wanted revolution at the price of peace. The Russians have been visibly annoyed at this stratagem of putting them into a peace-at-any-price position, especially since the Chinese have merely been talking a good fight and both sides tend to do their fighting through third parties. In their own minds the Soviets surely see the issue quite differently, but for practical reasons they have been more inhibited than the Chinese about stating their position with complete candor.

FOR KHRUSHCHEV, Castro offered the most dramatic means of outflanking the Chinese. Castro has been the most outspoken exponent of the "violent transition" to Communism in Latin America. By getting his backing, Khrushchev has inferentially made known that the Soviets reject the oversimplified choice between peaceful and violent transition, not because they are opposed to the latter in principle but because they believe that at this stage, both peaceful and violent tactics—and everything else in between—may be useful and necessary depending on local and international conditions. Many of the pro-Soviet Communist Parties would risk suppression if they committed themselves to a violent road to power. The Communist-led peace campaign could not appeal to pacifists and other non-Communists if the goal were explicitly stated as nothing

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short of the Communist revolution. The Soviets habitually prefer a maximum of gain with a minimum of risk, and in their view the Chinese, for factional purposes, are needlessly advocating a minimum of gain with a maximum of risk.

To be sure, Khrushchev did not need Castro's visit to advertise the fact that he was not squeamish about associating with advocates of violence in Latin America or elsewhere. After all, Soviet Russia has been paying the largest share of Castro's bills for almost three years. But Khrushchev's handling of the missiles crisis had given the Chinese a chance to label him as both an adventurer and a capitulationist. Castro had not made it easier for Khrushchev by expressing his own dissatisfaction with the way Khrushchev and Kennedy went about arranging the great letdown without him.

All the more welcome to Khrushchev, then, was Castro's explicit backing, even on the most controversial aspect of the missiles crisis. In his June 4 speech, Castro avowed that his conversations with Khrushchev had convinced him that the Soviets "had not vacillated in assuming the risks that they assumed with respect to our country." No one else could have given Khrushchev such absolution at this moment to fight off the Chinese threat, and it was undoubtedly worth a pretty ruble or peso, whatever it may have cost.

Thus, Khrushchev played his Cuban card for all it was worth in the lengthy Soviet reply of July 14 to the Chinese. This statement was the first really hard-hitting and confident polemic from the Soviet side in the three-year war of words and nerves. It cited the Kennedy-Khrushchev agreement on Cuba last October as an effective demonstration of "peaceful coexistence" that was at the same time "a defeat of the forces of imperialism." This part of Khrushchev's case was not new, but for the first time he could boast of "the assessment that the leaders of the Cuban revolution themselves give to the policy of the government of the Soviet Union, which they call a policy of fraternal solidarity and genuine internationalism."

Castro also came back from Moscow professing to believe that Cuba now enjoys a "situation of security" with respect to the United States, and he gave it as a reason why Cuba could now devote most of its energy to economic development. Castro's confidence was probably not much shaken by President Kennedy's comment on July 17: "The fact of the matter is, the Soviet troops are there. The fact of the matter is that Cuba does follow a satellite role and that's what we consider unacceptable to us. I would hope that the situation some day would change."

Mañana, Siempre Mañana

"Hope," however, is not a policy. For some time now, President Kennedy seems to have treated the Cuban problem as something he might be able to solve "some day" with the co-operation of Khrushchev. Yet it has always been hard to see—and it is now harder than ever—what the United States

could offer Khrushchev to induce him to give up Castro, and it is equally hard to see what the United States could offer Castro at this late date to induce him to give up Khrushchev. The Kennedy administration is now paying the price for, among other things, its own contradictory Cuban policy. Our leaders in Washington have subsidized Cuban exiles who lived only for the moment of a U.S.-backed invasion even while they became increasingly persuaded that an invasion would create more and worse problems than any it might solve. Such an utterly contradictory course could not fail to end in frustration, recriminations, and futility. For some time, the President sought to cover up the unpleasantness by substituting rhetoric for policy, but the rhetoric has become increasingly incongruous. The present position is one of impasse from which neither side quite knows how to extricate itself. But impasse is still a considerable improvement from Castro's point of view.

As MATTERS now stand, the Soviets are more firmly in Cuba than ever before. Castro's trip was almost like old times: a local Communist leader went to Moscow and came back with a new line, new tasks, new slogans. There is always a tendency and a temptation, however, to take Castro's latest word or action and read it back into everything he has said or done. When he spoke like a democrat, some people thought that he was fundamentally democratic; when he said some things that seemed to echo Mao, others jumped to the conclusion that he had long been a Maoist; and now that he has become a soul mate of Nikita Khrushchev, he may be written off as always having been nothing more than a Soviet satellite.

Yet consistency, stability, and loyalty to an ideal beyond himself have never been part of Castro's make-up. No satellite leader has ever before spent forty days in Russia basking in such glory and getting so much of Khrushchev's personal attention. In his latest phase, Castro has, from a Chinese point of view, sold out to Khrushchev, but this would mean nothing if he had never been anything more than a Soviet puppet anyway.

It would be a good idea to wait at least another six months to see how the deal between Castro and Khrushchev works out before making up one's mind about it. Castro's new economic policy will greatly increase the level of coercion and repression in Cuba, with unpredictable repercussions. His foreign legion—a strange conglomeration of pro-Khrushchev Communists, pro-Mao Communists, fellow travelers, Trotskyists, sanguinary "pacifists," and one-sided neutralists—may find it hard to stick together. Castro has only begun to know what it means to be in the middle of a deadly struggle among Communist powers.

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The Sino-Soviet Rift: An Old, Old Story

JOHN PATON DAVIES, JR.

THE LATEST exchange of polemics between the Russians and the Chinese at the July talks in Moscow was, of course, only the surface manifestation of a power struggle of ancient lineage. The Chinese revolution has always been radically different from the Russian. It is different in the sheer human mass to be made over, in the limited natural resources of China, and in the Chinese leaders' desperate feeling of being isolated in their incredible undertaking—more so even than the Bolsheviks were. The combination of vaulting ambition and maddening frustration fans the fanaticism of the rulers of China.

Moreover, they are just as ethnocentric as their forefathers of the Middle Kingdom, whose mentality revolved around Confucianism, ancestor worship, Chinese cultural superiority, and, although seldom articulated, racial supremacy. The Red Mandarinate is no less haughty about the superiority of Marxism-Maoism. All others, excepting the ideological tribute bearers, are either revisionists or imperialists and their running dogs. The Chinese Politburo's vision is also circumscribed by two decades of fugitive seclusion that began in the late 1920's. The submersion in peasant life, the holing up in the Shensi badlands, threw them back, inward-looking, upon themselves. When they finally did come to power, they were at first warmed by the hospitality of the other Marxist chieftains, but this expansive sense of association was soon rebuffed by the Russians.

The Chinese had reason out of their past to scorn and detest the "big noses," as in their more tolerant moods they have called the Russians. Now, dismissed as ideologically impetuous and immature, and deprived of aid which they felt to be their due, they naturally nurture a passionate resentment against Moscow.

Both the Chinese and the Russians have long memories of one another. And there is much to remember. They had both been conquered by the Mongols. But the Chinese, with a civilization superior to that of their conquerors, had taught and finally absorbed their alien rulers. The Russians, in contrast, were treated as vassals by the barbarian horsemen and instructed by them in civil administration, a knowledge of which the Golden Horde had acquired from the Chinese. It was from China that the Russians got a census, a postal system, and an indoctrination in submission to centralized autocratic authority.

In more modern times, the Chinese, by menace of superior force, pressured the Russians into signing a treaty in 1689 curbing Russian expansion into the Amur Valley. Beginning in the nineteenth century, the Russians deprived the Chinese of the left bank of the Amur and then the coastal area south of the Amur, in which they built Vladivostok, Dalny, and Port Arthur, making themselves a Pacific power. This they did through a familiar mixture of simulated friendship, blandishment, trickery, intimidation, and force.

Lenin's Law

But it remained for Stalin to show how really to exploit friends and enemies alike in the pursuit of Russian power. He decided that world revolution in his time was a piece of romanticism and that those who seriously pressed for it should be done away with, which he attended to. He decided that socialism in one country should be the Bolshevik goal and that all foreign Communist Parties should dedicate themselves to the defense of that one country, the Soviet Union, on the grounds that only through ensuring the survival and growth of the parent and model did they have any chance of eventually winning. This, of course, was not necessarily true.

In Asia, the prime threats to the Soviet state as seen from the Kremlin were the United States and Japan. As Lenin put it in 1920: "The practical task of Communist policy is to take advantage of this hostility [between the United States and Japan] and incite one against the other . . . We have already set Japan and America at loggerheads, to put it crudely, and have thereby gained an advantage." Stating the strategy in broad general terms, Lenin laid down the law: "We Communists must use one country against another."

To Stalin, fairly faithful disciple of Lenin, it was evident that Japan's expansionist ambitions on the mainland of Asia were the immediate menace and that before the Japanese and Americans could be expected to clash in an imperialist war, Japan would continue to expand westward to the peril of the Soviet Union. The policy decision was simple: since the United States could not be depended upon to check westward Japanese aggression, the Soviet Union would use China against Japan. The job was to find the strongest indigenous element in China and

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induce it to engage and contain the Japanese. That element was the Kuomintang. The role of the weak and immature Chinese Communist movement, according to Stalin, was to collaborate with the Kuomintang and to press for national unity and resistance to foreign encroachments.

Stalin's China policy was one of the main issues between him and Trotsky, who urged all-out revolution by the Chinese Communist Party. In the end, Stalin's policy resulted in nearly wiping out the Chinese party when Chiang Kai-shek, who had begun by ardently co-operating with his Soviet advisers, turned on the Chinese Communists in 1927 and caused great numbers of them to be liquidated. Mao, absenting himself from collaboration with the Kuomintang, was one of those who escaped Chiang's executioners.

He soon drew Stalin's wrath for basing himself in the countryside on peasant support and ignoring Comintern orders to concentrate on the small urban proletariat. Moscow thereupon denounced him as a deviationist. Mao continued to go his own way, but he did not disavow Moscow. The difference with the Kremlin was tactical and did not involve the basic tenets of Communist doctrine. It was therefore not surprising that when Chiang's punitive campaigns against him made Mao's position in central China untenable, the 1934 Long March took Mao and his troops to northwest China, closer to the Soviet border.

By 1937 the German and Japanese threats had matured, and the Japanese had begun their full-scale invasion of China. Under the Sino-Soviet treaty then in force, Soviet supplies, loans, and a "volunteer" air unit went to Chiang, not to the Communists.

While Japan wasted its strength on the vast expanse of China, which offered a low-grade but draining resistance, the Nazis poised themselves to strike in Europe. To deflect the Germans, Molotov signed in 1939 a nonaggression pact with von Ribbentrop that released Hitler a week later to begin the Second World War. Thanks to the Kremlin, Hitler was able to say, "For the first time in history we have to fight only on one front." And when Hitler began to turn his attention to the Soviet Union in 1941, Stalin promptly concluded a nonaggression pact with the Japanese, whose negotiator Stalin embraced as a "fellow Asiatic." The agreement released Japan to go adventuring away from the Soviet Union, against the United States.

Stalin's Mistake

With the attack on Pearl Harbor, Lenin's prophetic policy had been fulfilled. Japan and the United States had turned "their knives against each other" and the Kremlin could relax in Asia—until the time came to be in on the kill of Japan. As that prospect became increasingly certain, Stalin's thoughts turned to a disturbing question: after the Japanese, what in China?

Chiang was determined to reoccupy all of China and share with no one his rule over the entire country. Mao naturally did not endorse this vision. The Chinese Communists, who had grown in strength during the war, increasingly believed that after the Japanese had been defeated by the Americans the imperialist war should be turned into a civil war, a war for the liberation of China by themselves, from everyone.

Stalin had his own ideas about the future of China. He and Molotov, during the period 1943-1945, professed to various American dignitaries their indifference toward and even contempt for their Chinese comrades—"margarine Communists," they called them—and a desire to see China unified. Chiang Kai-shek, they confided, was the only one to unify China, and the United States should support him.

Vladimir Dedijer tells us in his biography of Tito that Stalin in 1948 revealed to a Yugoslav delegation that the Kremlin had told the Chinese Communists not to resort to a civil war they could not win but to join forces with the Nationalist government and disband their army. According to Dedijer, Stalin admitted that in disregarding Soviet injunctions, the Chinese comrades had proved themseves right and the Kremlin wrong.

Why was Stalin mistaken? Did he really calculate that the Chinese Communists could not make the grade? Possibly he did. But if so, he was either incredibly poorly served by or willfully disregardful of his intelligence service. And if he thought that the best thing for the Chinese comrades was to come to terms with Chiang and disarm, why did he urge the Americans to back Chiang? Such support, he must surely have anticipated, would stiffen Nationalist demands that could reduce the Communists to vassals if not to fugitives. This would be selling his Chinese retainers down the Yangtze, treating them even worse than he had in the 1920's.

It is difficult to believe that Stalin was unaware that his proposals were unworkable. The Chinese Communists were too powerful, too ambitious, and too close to their big chance to sacrifice themselves at his behest. It is implausible that Stalin, as a graduate revolutionary, did not foresee the near-inevitability of civil war and at least the possibility of a Communist victory. If so, what was Stalin trying to do in his devious way?

The first place to look for an answer is in his obsession with the security and power of the Soviet state. With the defeat of Japan, it was clear that the principal threat to Russia in East Asia would be the advance of American power into Japan, Korea, and China—that is, into proximity with the Soviet Union. Stalin countered by occupying southern Sakhalin, the Kuriles, northern Korea, and Manchuria, thereby forestalling direct American contact with the Soviet frontier.

But such insulation was not enough to satisfy the Soviet leader's neurosis about security. The

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Americans would still be uncomfortably close and powerful. They must therefore be kept busy, diverted from the Soviet Union. And what could be more distracting for them than to undertake the unification of China under Stalin's old protégé, Chiang Kai-shek? Stalin was thinking also about the future of Europe, where his interest in exploiting the inviting postwar possibilities exceeded his attraction to Asia. For this reason, too, it would be helpful to him if the United States became preoccupied with Asia.

Stalin may not have foreseen the open Chinese defiance and hostility toward the Kremlin that has now come to a head. But his instincts for self-preservation were sound. He did not trust any party that was not Stalinized, into which he could not immediately reach to punish or purge. Accordingly, the Chinese party could hardly have been acceptable to Stalin. Mao was surrounded by people loyal to him alone, from his Politburo through the police apparatus to the Chinese Red Army. And Mao was headstrong. If he had defied the Kremlin and stubbornly gone his own way when he was weak, how much more rambunctious was he likely to be at the end of the war, with his own armies and the possibility of a revolutionary triumph in sight?

STALIN was one of the most single-minded statesmen of history. He was totally uninterested in the triumph of Communism in China simply to liberate the Chinese proletariat and peasantry. A Communist revolution and victory not controlled by the Kremlin was, for him, disorderly adventurism. It was dangerous to Soviet interests and should be prevented. Therefore, the Chinese party had first to be Stalinized. After that, revolution could be considered, planned, and executed in a manner convenient and useful to the Soviet Union.

To Stalinize the Chinese party meant, initially, to reduce it in power, and bring it to dependence on the Soviet Union so that the Kremlin could penetrate the party, police, and army. Ideally, the Chinese Communist military forces should be disbanded and the party weakened through submission to a coalition with the Nationalists. But if Mao refused to do this and plunged ahead into civil war, then the conflict should be so contrived as to force the Communists, sooner or later, into deep reliance upon Moscow.

Obviously, the chastisement and humbling of the Chinese Communists was neither a suitable nor convenient undertaking for the Soviet Union. It was in the Bolshevik tradition that someone else should see to it that the punishment was administered. Who better than the Americans?

If they would back the ineffectual Nationalists in their effort at unifying China against the military challenge of the Communists, three Soviet ends would be served: the United States would be distracted from Europe into an entanglement in China; Mao would be forced to ask the Soviets for aid and thereby be made vulnerable to Kremlin control; and in the process, the Chinese Communists and the Americans would come so to abominate one another that, should the revolution succeed, relations between the two would be envenomed for years to come. A Red China would take Japan's place as the principal adversary of the United States in Asia.

Mao's Revenge

This scheme turned out to be only a partial success. Its greatest failure was the inability of the Kremlin to penetrate and capture the Chinese Communist Party and state apparatus. By the late 1950's and early 1960's, when the Russians had begun to be alarmed by the growth of Chinese power and ambition, no one could have wished more than Khrushchev that Chiang, rather than Mao, were ruling China. Nor could anyone have much more reason than Kennedy and the Joint Chiefs of Staff to wish, in a sense, that China were controlled by the nuclearly sophisticated Kremlin rather than by the adventuristic Mao dynasty.

But China is still ruled by the Chinese Politburo. And it is in an ugly, vindictive mood, even though it may come to dissemble its feelings. The Chinese want their vengeance on the Russians for all that has passed. More particularly, they want it for Moscow's loot of Manchuria at the close of the Second World War and for Khrushchev's reduction of Soviet aid and withdrawal of technical advisers, both essential to China's economic and military development. They have a score to settle because of the Kremlin's selfish nationalistic policy of coexistence with the imperialists, its suspicious fudging on revolutionary militancy, and its craven refusal to unleash on the United States a nuclear war of mutual obliteration, out of which enough millions of Chinese would have survived to make and dominate a classless world with nothing to lose but its radioactivity.

A POSSIBLE relaxation of tension between the Soviet bloc and the West worries Peking. That would truly isolate China and defer its becoming a great power for decades, if not indefinitely. Peking's only hope of reaching that level lies in achieving its own *détente* with Moscow and an accommodation to the Kremlin's policies, in return for which the Soviet Union would supply China massive material and technical aid. But the Kremlin is so suspicious of Peking's pretensions and potential that Moscow's price would be exceedingly high—hardly less than the abdication of Mao and the imposition of "fraternal" Soviet control. Such a bargain could scarcely appeal to the Mao dynasty.

So Peking is on its own, essentially alone, with a desperate problem—the ratio of limited resources and geometrically growing population needs. The ratio has been widening. The drain of population increase, notwithstanding a birth-control campaign, saps national power and economic development.

In its frustration, Peking seems bent on trying to undermine Moscow by racial appeals to Africa, the rest of Asia, and Latin America. But racism will not solve China's crucial economic problems, even if it wins Peking the support of the underdeveloped peoples of the world. It will be the poor leading the poor. In the modern world, there is not likely to be much strength in such a union.

In desperation Peking may at-

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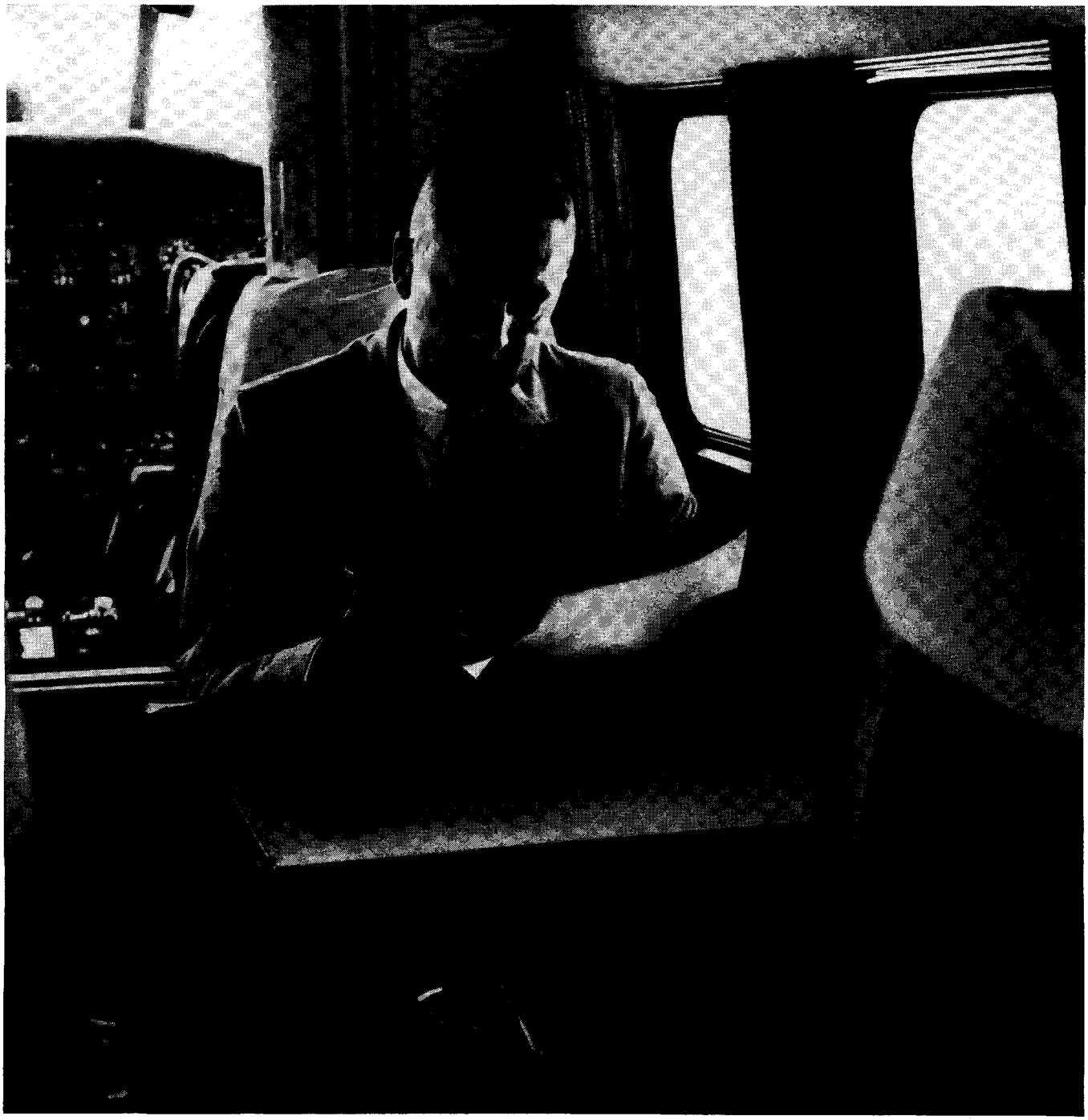

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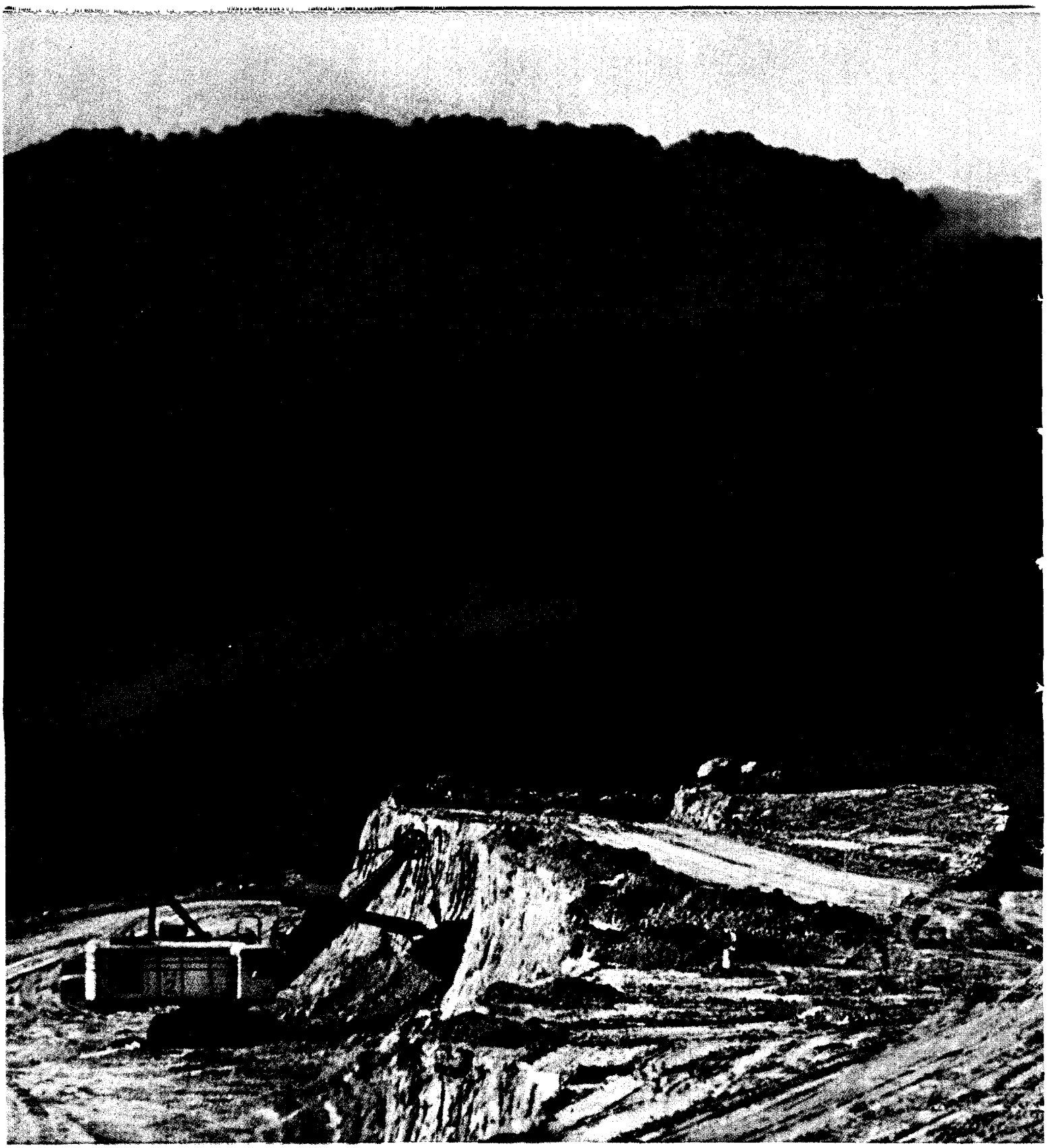

Malaya's iron-floored jungle

Behind the mist and the trees, Malayans say, there are more tigers per square mile than anywhere else in the world. But now the jeeps and bulldozers of men searching for iron have brought civilization to the very heart of the jungle.

Iron was long known to exist in Malaya but it was the increased postwar demand for it that sent engineers back into the field—and the jungle. Soon Jersey Standard's affiliate, Esso Standard Eastern, had built pipelines and storage tanks to supply power for the machinery and vehicles used in the mining operation.

This Esso investment was scaled to anticipate and encourage rapid growth. As expected, iron output has multiplied many times since and, as the demand for fuel increased, the necessary supplies were available. Malayans are being instructed by Esso in the modern methods and technical skills required in this expansion of the company's marketing activities.

Jersey's investments—including a new

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refinery under construction at Port Dickson—are contributing factors in the growth of Malaya's free enterprise economy. Last year exports exceeded imports by 55 million dollars, giving Malaya a solid, favorable balance of trade.

Investments such as Jersey has made in Malaya and in many other countries are helping the United States keep pace in today's competition for expanding markets. Throughout the free world they spur production, raise living standards and make possible increased trade among nations. Benefits to others are matched by benefits at home—in returns to shareholders and in stimulus to economic growth.

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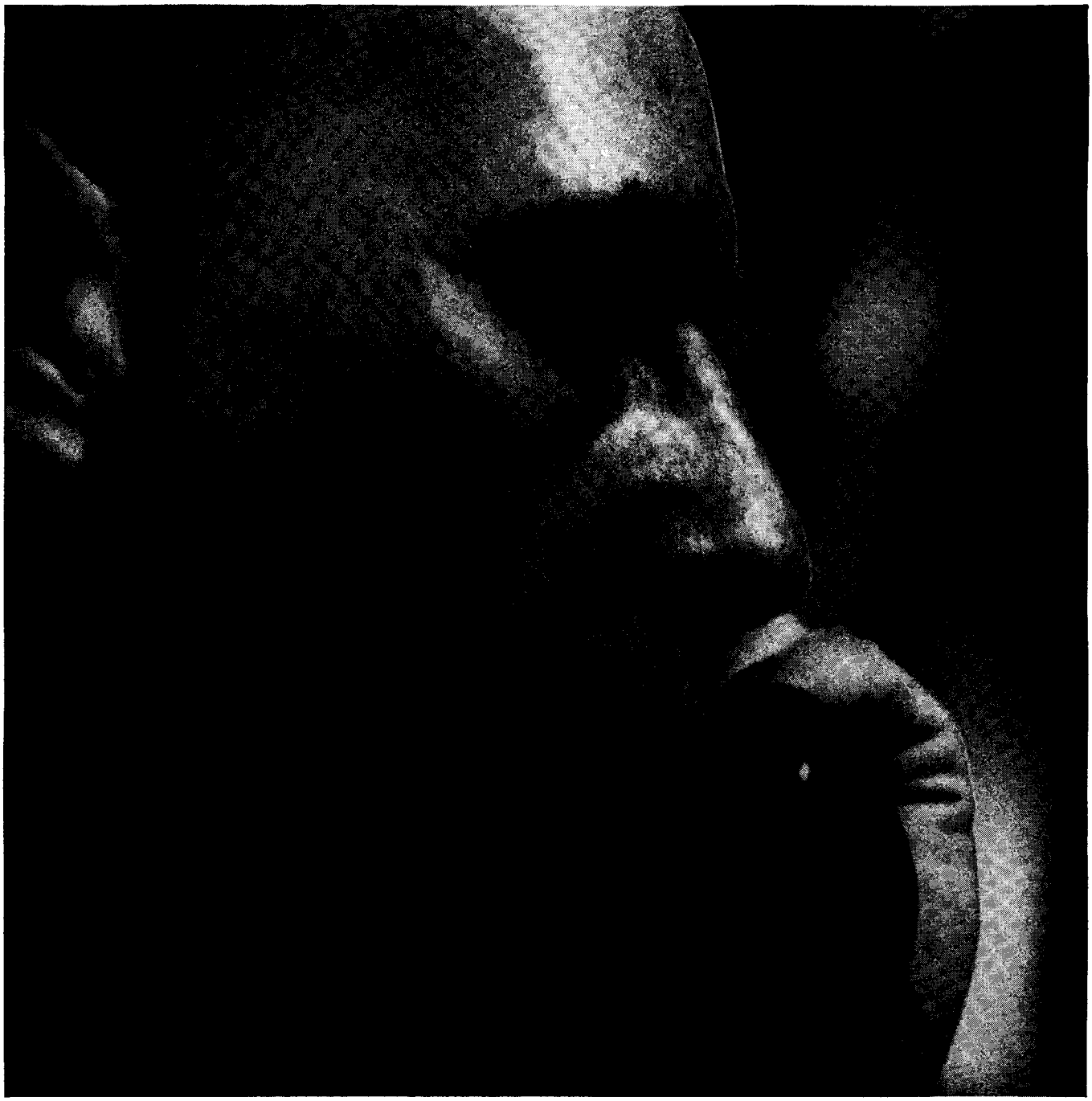
Standard Oil Company (New Jersey)
and its affiliate
Humble Oil & Refining Company



This is George McMullen, a man American Cable and Radio couldn't afford to lose. And didn't.

In November, 1950, he had cancer. It started with hoarseness of his throat that persisted. He went to his doctor. The diagnosis was cancer and he was operated on. Soon after, he was back with his family. He was back on the job. He is cured of cancer.

George McMullen is Supervisor in Charge of Maintenance and Traffic at American Cable and Radio Corporation in Washington, D.C., a subsidiary of the International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation. He directs 28 men. He's a man American Cable couldn't afford to lose. And didn't.

Over a million Americans living today are cured of cancer. More could be saved if they went to their doctors *in time*. In one year, cancer keeps over 300,000 workers off the job. Medical expenses and loss in wages are estimated at more than $400 million a year.

Promising research projects requiring millions of dollars more could not be undertaken during the past year because necessary funds were not available. Your company has a stake in the success of this Crusade. Give money. It's for you.

AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY
To Cure More—Give More

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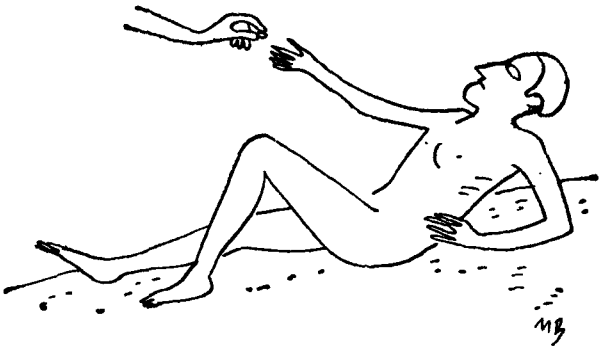
tempt to invade some of its southern neighbors. But this would not make up for the enormous deficiencies in China, at least not for a generation, if by then. Nor have the covetous Chinese thoughts about Soviet Siberia to the north, the underpopulated Soviet land to the east, and the Mongolian People's Republic any prospect of satisfaction, even when China has its own bomb. So long as it is politically cohesive, China is a mighty military power on the defensive. Against its nonnuclear neighbors it is superior on the offensive. But its offensive capabilities against a major nuclear power are limited if the defender is willing to use nuclear weapons to countervail the Chinese hordes. The Russians would surely have no compunction about doing so.

As an underdeveloped country, confronted by a staggering discrepancy between population and resources and driven by an irrational ideology, China is an extreme example of those poor nations that, no matter how they seem to progress, are being steadily outdistanced by the rich, advanced states. None can understand better than the Chinese the warning that to him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken away. China hath not. And Khrushchev will want to take away what little remains of Soviet aid. For Mao's rash attempt to have him thrown out of the Kremlin was a warning of desperate hostility from the East. Thus China has replaced Japan not only as the principal adversary of the United States but also now as the principal Asian threat to the security of the Soviet Union.

Quite aside from the dangers and impoverishment caused by the arms race with the United States, it very much suits the Kremlin's purpose to seek a *détente* with the West. Khrushchev feels no more comfortable than Stalin did with trouble on two fronts; and like Stalin, he is far more interested in exploiting opportunities in Europe. There he accommodates openings to the Left with openings to the Right and attempts to set Western Europe and America at loggerheads—scheming toward a Europe united not to but from the Urals.

AT HOME & ABROAD



The Hallucinogenic Drug Cult

NOAH GORDON

When the International Federation for Internal Freedom was formed in Cambridge, Massachusetts, during the autumn of 1962, it was unique even in New England, a region not unfamiliar with eccentric social movements. IFIF (pronounced "If-If," as if the speaker is stuttering over some terrifying cosmic question) preaches the gospel that man's salvation lies in the expansion of his own consciousness, a state which, it is asserted, can be achieved through the ingestion of such substances as LSD-25, psilocybin, mescaline, or even the right type of morning-glory seeds.

Although a handful of well-known people—most of them philosophers, mystics, and theologians—have lent IFIF the support of their names, scientific circles have in general been quite critical of many of its expressed beliefs and goals. The support of the theologians and mystics, in combination with the fact that IFIF's cause was unwittingly nurtured within Harvard University, has composed the movement's principal credentials. For many initiates, the credentials have been sufficient. IFIF offers, by its very existence, a certain amount of justification and rationale to those who submit to the dangerous attraction drug-taking holds for college students and young people in general. "Drugs have always attracted college students," I was told recently by Dr. Dana L. Farnsworth, director of the Harvard University Health Services. "But this is the first time in history that an organization has existed to promote their use."

Caught unprepared by the spreading utilization of a variety of hallucinogenic drugs in many areas of the United States, law-enforcement officials and health authorities do not appear at present to possess the means of coping with the problem. They are hampered by a net of vague, ineffectual, and contradictory legal structure. Meanwhile, in IFIF's four-room ground-floor headquarters at 14 Storey Street, Cambridge, a varying number of blue-jeaned young people perform the clerical chores of a growing organization, work to spread its chapters and outposts through the country and the world, and push an aggressive promotional drive that has all the earmarks of a proselytizing campaign.

Millennium in a Mushroom

The moment that engendered all of this activity can be traced back to a day in the summer of 1960 when a thirty-nine-year-old psychologist named Timothy Leary sat by a swimming pool in Cuernavaca, Mexico, and ate a mushroom one of his friends had bought from a mountain crone named Crazy Juana. The

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mushroom sent him into another world—a world that left him awed, shaken, and determined to explore it again.

When he returned to Harvard, where he was a lecturer in social psychology, Dr. Leary sought out Aldous Huxley, who was then a visiting professor at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. The English writer had written of his experiences with drugs that induce hallucinations and changes in sense perception. Fascinated by Huxley's experiences, Leary interested half a dozen Harvard graduate students and Dr. Richard Alpert, at that time an assistant professor of Psychology and Education, in a series of experiments.

Leary had arrived at Harvard with some ideas about research that differed sharply from those of most of his colleagues. He believed even then that research should be conducted *with* subjects rather than *on* subjects, and that standard research techniques in which the researcher does not share in the experience of the experiment are essentially undemocratic. Leary's group conducted one formal research program under the official banner of Harvard's Center for Research in Personality, a division of the Laboratory of Social Relations. This was a program of psilocybin administration at Concord Prison in an attempt to see how drug-treated prisoners succeeded upon their return to society. The psilocybin, a derivative of a species of Mexican mushroom, was donated by Sandoz Pharmaceuticals, which had perfected the drug. In addition, on their own time and away from the university, the investigators carried on "naturalistic" research, taking the drugs in the company of a wide variety of individuals and making observations concerning the effect of psilocybin on such things as creativity, somatic feelings, and visual perception and memory. Unlike most other investigators using what are known professionally as "psychotomimetic" drugs, Leary and Alpert did not always insist upon medical and psychiatric examinations and psychological testing to screen out individuals who might be harmed by the substances.

Their reason, according to Dr. Walter M. Presnell, the psychiatrist who participated in the Concord Prison study, was that the more clinical the drug experience became, the more frightening it was to the subject. Leary and Alpert believed that the environment in which the drug is given determines whether the subject enters a drugged hell or a blissful heaven of expanded powers. Therefore, in their "non-prison" studies, they sometimes administered psilocybin to subjects who lolled on deep-pile rugs before flaming fireplaces, with mood music in the background. Since this research was not a formal project of Harvard's Center for Research in Personality, they could not request funds to convert Harvard offices into such places. They held their drug sessions in private apartments, inviting a small group of Harvard graduate students and selected people from the arts. According to their data, during the first year and a half of both the prison program and the parlor drug sessions, ninety-one of their ninety-eight subjects enjoyed pleasurable experiences and sixty-one reported insights and positive changes in their lives because they took psilocybin.

DURING the fall of 1961, Alpert and Leary were teaching a graduate seminar in introductory psychology. Twelve graduate students had asked for and received the drug. "We began to run more sessions with the drug, and students were involved. The faculty became more and more hostile," Alpert told me recently. Stories of what might be called the nonscientific aspects of the psilocybin sessions began circulating among students at Cambridge.

On October 8, 1961, at a meeting of the staff of the Center for Research in Personality, Dr. David C. McClelland, chairman of the Center and the man who had brought both Leary and Alpert to Harvard, passed to each individual present a mimeographed memorandum entitled "Some Social Reactions to the Psilocybin Research Project." In it McClelland revealed in no uncertain terms his growing concern. To judge by the behavior of Mexican *curanderas* and Indian mystics, he said, one would expect the chief effects of psilocybin and similar substances to be to encourage withdrawal from contact with social reality and to increase satisfaction with one's own inner thought life. Research reports from the Harvard project, he said, "are not inconsistent with these expectations."

Certain effects had been noted in those who had taken the drug, he reported. Among these were (1) dis-

association and detachment ("Initiates begin to show a certain blandness, or superiority, or feeling of being above and beyond the normal world of social reality"); (2) interpersonal insensitivity (example: "inability to predict in advance what the social reaction of a 'psilocybin party' would be"); (3) omniscience, religious and philosophical naïveté ("Many reports are given of deep mystical experiences, but their chief characteristic is the wonder at one's own profundity rather than a gen-

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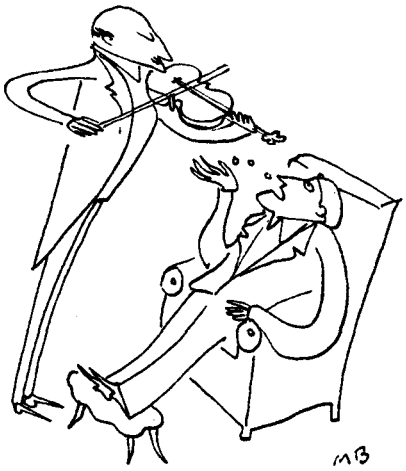
uine concern to probe deeper into the experience of the human race in these matters"); and (4) impulsivity ("One of the most difficult parts of the research has been to introduce



any order into who takes psilocybin under what conditions. Any controls have either been rejected as interfering with the warmth necessary to have a valuable experience or accepted as desirable but then not applied because somehow an occasion arises when it seems 'right' to have a psilocybin session").

The memorandum also contained this grim warning: "It is probably no accident that the society which most consistently encouraged the use of these substances, India, produced one of the sickest social orders ever created by mankind, in which thinking men spent their time lost in the Buddha position under the influence of drugs exploring consciousness, while poverty, disease, social discrimination, and superstition reached their highest and most organized form in all history."

Transcendental Togetherness

The drug sessions continued and other hallucinogenics were made available. As they increased in number, what at first had been accepted as legitimate scientific research by the colleagues of Dr. Alpert and Dr. Leary now came to be regarded as something else. The more the two psychologists took the drugs, Dr. McClelland told a reporter later, "the less they were interested in science." On March 14, 1962, the staff of the Center for Research in Personality held an open meeting. Dr. Herbert C. Kelman, lecturer in Social Psychology, reported he had observed that graduate students who had had drug experiences had formed a clannish "insider group." Dr. Kelman expressed doubts as to the appropriateness of the psilocybin project within a graduate training program. "I question whether this project is carried out primarily as an intellectual endeavor or whether it is being pursued as a new kind of experience to offer an answer to man's ills," he said. Opponents of the psilocybin investigation charged it was run nonchalantly and irresponsibly. Dr. McClelland expressed fears of possible permanent effect of the drugs but said he supported the research.

In the face of charges from Dr. Kelman and others that they are a "cult," members of the group readily admit that they feel a special bond for one another. "Taking the drug is such an overwhelming experience that we soon realized that those of us who had done so had something wonderful in common. We wanted to be together constantly, to share time and space," Alpert told me. In order to make this possible, they established two "colonies for transcendental living." Each colony consists of about a dozen people, but the number fluctuates. Members include single persons, married couples, and children. The colonies are contained in two huge traditional houses in separate fine old neighborhoods of Newton Centre, a Boston suburb. Both neighborhoods have treated the colonies and the colonists rather unlovingly.

One woman, who said she had lived for thirty-two years in a house near Dr. Alpert's green ten-bedroom home, said, "Some weekends their house is like a motel. They all wear a beatnik uniform—tight pants and jerseys, no shoes or stockings. One young man in his twenties is letting his blond hair grow down to his shoulders; every time I look at him I want to vomit."

A petition invoking a Newton Centre statute which allows only one-family dwellings in the neighborhood led to a hearing before the planning board in which the colony was represented by Dr. Alpert's father, George Alpert, former president of the New Haven Railroad and a member of the Massachusetts bar. The elder Alpert pointed out that the law does not specify that families must be consanguineous. "They haven't bothered us since," Dr. Alpert said.

'Tie Me Up in a Sack'

When an account of the open faculty meeting at Harvard was published in the Harvard *Crimson* on March 15, 1962, the story was picked up at once by the Boston *Herald*. As a result of this, an investigation was launched by the Division of Food and Drugs of the Massachusetts Department of Public Health and by the Federal Food and Drug Administration. On April 16, 1962, Dr. George Michaels, head of the state division, acting under state laws that prohibit anyone except a physician, veterinarian, or dentist from administering or giving harmful drugs, announced that Leary and Alpert could continue their research legally only if a medical doctor were present during the administration of the drugs. Moreover, the executive board of Harvard's Laboratory of Social Relations appointed an *ad hoc* faculty group which was asked to form a committee to "advise and oversee" future studies utilizing psilocybin. Dr. Robert F. Bales, director of the Laboratory of Social Relations, proposed "minimum conditions" under which the drug could be used. Included in these was that the laboratory should have "effective

control of the drug, to be disbursed only upon written request of the Chairman of the Advisory Committee to the Director of the Laboratory, the drug to be held in custody by the University Health Service." When the Commonwealth of Massachusetts had begun its investigation, at Dr. Bales' request the researchers had turned over a small supply of psilocybin to Dr. Farnsworth and the University Health Services. Dr. Bales felt that this was only a portion of their drug supply, and that

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their entire supply should be effectively controlled. He asked for agreement to this as well as to other ground rules as conditions to the formation of the committee.

"Leary agreed by letter the next day," Dr. Bales told me later. "Al-

pert did not agree. He felt that he could not give up control of the drug without infringement of his rights as a citizen."

Remembering this period, Dr. Alpert told me recently: "Tim and I got depressed. This was like the hottest thing we ever were involved in," he said, slipping into the hipster jargon with which he sprinkles his conversation. "And these people kept putting obstacles in our path."

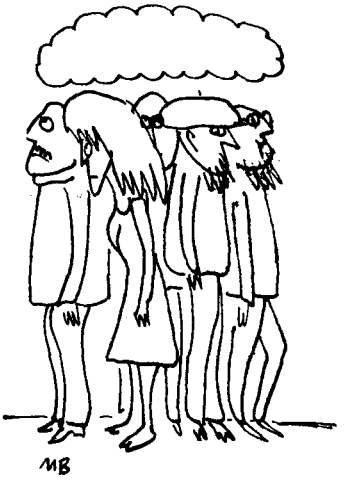
IN THE summer of 1962, to avoid these obstacles, they went to Zihuatanejo, Mexico, during the vacation period and rented a hotel, using money provided by several small foundations.

"We brought all kinds of people to Mexico—religionists, scientists, artists, writers, housewives," Dr. Alpert told me.

The drug users have reported progressing through various levels—"psychic elevator stops," as Dr. Alpert calls them—beginning with an "unbelievable intensification of colors and sounds" and culminating in "a pervading sensation of white light and a religious ecstasy that fills your consciousness." Other versions of the experience have been less alluring. Dr. Gerald D. Klee of Baltimore, writing in the May, 1963, issue of *Archives of General Psychiatry*, published by the American Medical Association, puts it this way: "Changes in somesthetic perception are striking and profound. Feelings of numbness and paresthesias of the entire body are experienced. Feelings of depersonalization and derealization may be marked. Subjects report: 'My body is no longer my own' . . . . One psychiatrically unsophisticated subject reported: 'I feel as though my body is melting away; I have no boundaries—scoop me up off the floor and tie me up in a sack to give me some limits.' . . . Subjects may also have difficulty in differentiating themselves from other persons or even from inanimate objects . . ."

The Miracle of Marsh Chapel

Can some of history's religious revelations be explained by chemical phenomena similar to those which take place when the human body is exposed to psilocybin? Some theologians have demonstrated an intense interest in this hypothesis. In a paper written with Dr. Leary and published in the May-June, 1963, issue of *Religious Education*, Walter Houston Clark, professor of the Psychology of Religion at Andover Newton Theological Seminary, revealed that when psilocybin was administered to more than four hundred volunteers, "less than ten per cent of our original sample were orthodox believers or churchgoers, yet such terms as 'God,' 'divine,' 'deep religious experience,' 'meeting the infinite,' occurred in over half of [their] reports."



Clark and Leary noted that psilocybin and its companion chemical, mescaline, a peyote derivative, have been used in esoteric religious rituals, both ancient and modern, "presumably as a stimulus to religious experience." During any profound emotional experience, they said, religious or otherwise, chemical or hormonal bodily changes occur.

"Furthermore, we know that the natural chemistry of the body includes biochemical substances, known as the *indoles*, which are similar in structure to the consciousness-expanding chemicals and seem to be associated with some of the same psychological states as those produced by psilocybin. The question then immediately arises whether a naturally-occurring excess of the indoles might not predispose some people to certain kinds of mystical experience or whether a mystical state of mind might not, on the other hand, stimulate chemical changes in the body."

LAST YEAR interest in this area gave rise to an unusual and unpublicized experiment. Dr. Walter Pahnke, a physician who is a candidate for the Ph.D. in the Philosophy of Religion at Harvard, had analyzed Christian literature and had established nine categories which he felt described a genuine religious mystical experience. If a group of extremely religious individuals were to take the drug, how many of these qualities would manifest themselves?

Harvard University officials, Dr. Alpert said, refused to sponsor the experiment. According to Dr. Bales, the *ad hoc* faculty group refused to release to the experimenters the supply of psilocybin held by Dr. Farnsworth. "Our committee had not been formed," Dr. Bales said. "We were asked to release the drug only a day or two before the experiment was to be held. We didn't think we had the right to release it."

Nevertheless, the experiment was conducted on Good Friday in Marsh Chapel at Boston University, a long-established Methodist-affiliated institution, after representatives had been dispatched, according to Alpert, to round up a sufficient quantity of "non-Harvard" psilocybin. The experiment was carried on in two small rooms off the main chapel, with the reverent sound of the Good Friday service piped in by loudspeaker.

It was a double-blind experiment. The subjects were twenty divinity students from the Andover Newton Theological Seminary. Ten of them were given psilocybin. The other ten were given nicotinic acid, a vitamin which causes the taker to experience a mild sense of facial

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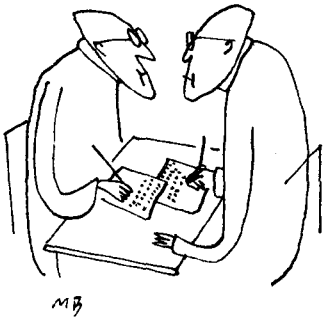
flushing but which has no mental effect. Nobody knew whether he had been given the drug or not. Dr. Pahnke, whose doctoral dissertation is now being considered by Harvard, refused to comment upon the experiment until the publication of his thesis. But for "purposes of comparison" Alpert has revealed that of the ten men who did not receive psilocybin, only one reported a single descriptive quality that met the criteria for religious mysticism. Of the ten who took psilocybin, nine reported experiencing four or more of the nine qualities of religious mystical experience.

While most religious leaders would probably be unenthusiastic over the idea of the drugged approach to religion, *Archives of General Psychiatry* reports that recently one lawsuit brought attention to a pastor who told his congregation that LSD could bring them all closer to God.

It should not be believed that hallucinogenic drugs are in themselves religious, Professor Clark of the Andover Newton Theological Seminary told me. But like organ music, he said, they may be the means to religious experience for some people. In the paper he wrote with Dr. Leary, Professor Clark reported that "about one-half of the 'hardened cynics' who were given the drug behind the walls of Concord Prison experienced 'classic mystic conversion reactions.'"



THE PRISON PROJECT has been shelved for lack of physician participation. Dr. Walter M. Presnell, the psychiatrist who participated in the study, has left the service of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts for private practice and has resigned from IFIF. I asked him why he had broken with the IFIF group. This was his reply:

"I felt that subjects should be screened for psychiatric trouble and such physical ailments as previous liver disease or hepatitis. Also, I'm interested in medical research into mental illness; Alpert and Leary are

more interested in how the drug affects artistic work."

In an effort to gauge the effects of hallucinogenic drugs on creativity, Alpert and Leary have given sessions for artists, writers, composers, musicians, and poets. During one such session held in his Newton Centre home, Alpert said, the poet Allen Ginsberg ripped off all his clothing in his exultation and then raced for the telephone, determined to call Kennedy and Khrushchev and urge them both to take the drug in the interest of world peace.

A Parting of Ways

Dr. Leary, who reportedly has ingested more hallucinogenic substances than anyone else in his group, stopped being a Harvard faculty member in April of this year simply by discontinuing the practice of showing up in his classroom. After a period of initial puzzlement, the university authorities removed his name from the payroll. Instead of teaching, Dr. Leary traveled to the West Coast and to Mexico in the interests of IFIF, which had been formed six months before. According to the IFIF "Statement of Purpose," in addition to Leary and Alpert, the organization's board of directors included Dr. Huston Smith, professor of Philosophy, M.I.T.; Dr. Clark of the Andover Newton Theological Seminary; Dr. Ralph Metzner, a psychopharmacologist; Dr. Gunther Weil, who has served as director of the psilocybin rehabilitation program, Concord Prison; George Litwin, assistant professor of Group Relations, Harvard Business School; and Alan Watts, a specialist in Far Eastern philosophy.

In November, 1962, shortly after the announcement of IFIF's creation, Dr. Farnsworth and John U. Monro, dean of Harvard College, had written a letter to the editor of the *Crimson*, warning of "the effect of LSD, psilocybin, mescaline and other mind-distorting drugs. Our concern for this development is such," they wrote, "that for more than a year we have had an agreement that Harvard University experimenters studying the effects of such drugs should not employ undergraduates as subjects in their research work.

"It is important to warn undergraduates that the ingestion of these drugs may result in serious hazard to the mental health and stability even of apparently normal persons. The drugs have been known to intensify seriously a tendency toward depression and to produce other dangerous psychotic effects." There were several other semi-official warnings during the next six months.

Then, on May 27, 1963, President Nathan M. Pusey of Harvard publicly fired Dr. Alpert. It was the first time such a thing had happened at Harvard in the twentieth century. Pusey said the action had been taken because Dr. Alpert had violated an

agreement that he would not involve undergraduates in his work with drugs, and recalled that last November Alpert had assured the administration that he had not given drugs to any undergraduate.

Two weeks later I visited Alpert and Leary at IFIF headquarters. The mood was one of carefully con-

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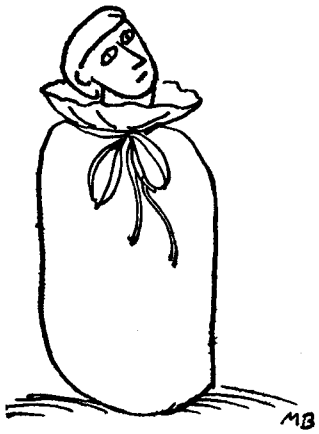
trolled gloom, despite the cheery presence of rows of young morning-glory plants that stretched their green necks out of the earth in a tray on the kitchen table. Neither Alpert nor Leary seemed saddened that they had been dropped from the Harvard faculty; the reason for the gloom was the closing down of



the Zihuatanejo research center, on the grounds that its staff had entered the country as tourists and were engaged in unauthorized activity.

I asked Dr. Alpert to give me his version of why he had been fired. Dressed in slacks and a T shirt, he lay on his back on a divan that was covered by an Indian blanket. He was shoeless, and the bare sole of one foot patted the wall from time to time.

"I did break a contract," he said finally.

"A year and a half ago I had a very close friend who was a junior at Harvard. I want to keep his name out of this.

"He had been having black-market-type experiences with the drugs and they had been pretty lousy.

"I was spending my weekends with him. When you have something and it means something to someone you care about, but you can't give it to him, it bugs you.

"I gave him a very light dose.

"I had been so good. I turned down over two hundred guys. But my friend had a buddy who got very irate and went to the authorities.

"Some day it will be quite humorous that a professor was fired for supplying a student with 'the most profound educational experience in my life.' That's what he told the Dean it was."

THE PHILOSOPHY of "noble drug-taking" is being promoted on a wide front. According to IFIF's *Newsletter* of last month, "Offices now exist in Los Angeles, New York City, Mexico City, as well as the headquarters office in Cambridge." Leary and Alpert hope for a world in which huge masses of people will seek God, love, and expanded mental powers through the ingestion of potions of hallucinogenic drugs. There are good medical reasons why an attempt to achieve this must be regarded with some trepidation. Suicidal attempts have been reported following drug sessions, and deleterious mental effects have "echoed," recurring as late as two years after a drug has been taken. "Playing with these drugs is psychic Russian roulette," said Dean Monro, who has repeatedly warned his Harvard undergraduates about them. "We must counteract the notion that every red-blooded young American must do this, by emphasizing the sad truth that a certain number of them will land in mental institutions." This fate has already befallen several young people in the Cambridge area, and, according to Dr. Farnsworth, a number of students have become patients of the Harvard University Health Services as a result of the drugs.

Some of them have tried to tell their doctors what their experiences were like.

"On some of the drugs, especially on mescaline, I had a strong urge for a sexual experience," one of the students said. "This is a well-known effect. It's understood you will have intercourse. We take it in groups and people go off into a room two at a time."

Another student kept a journal while on drugs. "Later I read it and it was horrible. People were tearing each other apart. Also, I felt I was reading the worst pornography I ever read."

Other individuals have reported to psychiatrists that they experienced homosexual episodes while under the influence of the drug.

"It is unpredictable even in one individual as to what will happen from one ingestion of the drug to the next," Dr. Farnsworth said. "Two roommates who took one of these drugs reacted quite differently, although both seemed to be quite normal. One didn't mind it. The other sobbed uncontrollably for six hours. Another individual who took one of these drugs felt for two whole days that he was only six inches tall. During this period he had to be cared for by his friends because he was entirely helpless."

Noise and Slow Time

I spoke to an intense twenty-two-year-old brunette Radcliffe graduate who had had two experiences with the morning-glory seeds. "The first was good. The second was half-good and half-bad."

The good part, she said, allows "you to get into a state of mind when you realize that the whole world is all right, the whole world is beautiful." This is how her first experience turned out, she said. To obtain her second experience, which she "shared with two friends in a private home," she ground the flower seeds, soaked the mash in warm water, and then ate the paste. She had four "good" hours and then her friends took her home and left her. "A little while later the bad part began."

First there was vomiting, but this didn't cause her concern. "That's trivial. It's well known that you often get sick to your stomach with the synthetic things, too." After she had gone to bed she became aware

of a loud noise that grew louder, so loud it prevented her from sleeping. It was the dripping of the faucet on the other side of the apartment. Then the ticking of her clock grew loud. "Pretty soon there was so much noise in the room I became frightened and got out of bed, because I was certain that someone had entered."

From that time on, her experience

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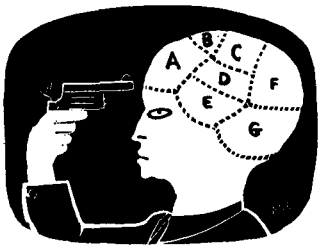
was "very bad. What was coming in was too intense. I tried to get out of the experience, but you shouldn't do that, it only makes things worse." After a long time she looked at the clock. The hands stood only a little after 1 A.M. "I thought that it had stopped, but I could hear it ticking. I thought to myself, 'My God, if time moves this slowly, how long am I going to be like this?' I called my friends and they came over to be with me and lend support. I had to stay in bed for eight or nine hours



before the bad part of the experience was over."

Her experience was not unique. "I had a horror show after taking the morning-glory seeds," one patient told a Harvard University doctor. "I felt my brain would blow up. I felt I was losing my mind. I felt I was going to die but I couldn't communicate it to anyone. I tried to tell my brother but couldn't make him understand."

Dr. Alpert and Dr. Leary display signs of impatience when asked about bad experiences with tl.e drug.

"If you got airsick during your first trip in an airplane, does that mean you wouldn't give it a second try?" Alpert asked.

THE SUBJECT of hallucinogenic drugs was recently discussed in the *Archives of General Psychiatry* by Dr. Sidney Cohen of the Los Angeles Veterans Administration Hospital and Dr. Keith S. Ditman of the University of California Medical Center. Regarding the "transcendental" aspects of the LSD experience, they reported that "Commonly the chemical ego dissolution results in intense feelings of unity, death and rebirth, salvation, and redemption." Even after the effects of the drug have worn off, the report went on, the "belief that the individual has been chosen to convert others to the new faith may be retained. Small LSD sects have been established on this basis. The leaders gain considerable gratification out of their position of omnipotence, which includes granting their disciples the LSD experience." Drs. Cohen and Ditman said that while it is not difficult to recognize those who openly express their feelings, there are others "who are sufficiently aware of the reality of the situation to keep the knowledge of their own omnipotence hidden. They can become quite successful in controlling people in the role of religious leaders or lay therapists."

The Question of Controls

According to Alpert, his group's use of hallucinogenic drugs has recently attracted the attention of the Ethics Committee of the American Psychological Association. In the Washington, D.C., offices of the association, Dr. Joseph B. Margolin, secretary of the Committee on Scientific Ethics and Conduct, emphasized that he could not discuss any member of the association. Dr. Margolin could talk of problems, however. "From a professional point of view, there is strong feeling against a psychologist utilizing drugs," he said.

Explaining the function of his committee, Dr. Margolin said that on several occasions in the past it has caused psychologists to be removed from membership in the APA for practicing in an unfitting manner.

How restricting is such an action?

"It is a social control," Dr. Margolin said. "But at the present time forty-one states have either legal or non-statutory forms of certification for psychologists. Within the next two years, nearly all the states will have certification. If the same person who presses charges with the APA

should do so with the state, and if the charges should be upheld and certification should be withdrawn, the man who has been judged guilty cannot be referred to as a psychologist within state borders."

Dr. Alpert has told me that he expects to be censured by the APA. "Not because we're dirty boys doing dirty things," he said, "but on the grounds that we have failed to concern ourself with behavioral toxicity and emotional side effects of the drugs.

"This is not true. We are watching these things very closely. We don't deny that personality changes are occurring. But we think they are changes for the better."

Intraprofessional attempts at social control obviously are inadequate to solve the problems raised by hallucinogenics. The geographical spread of the new craze was demonstrated recently when, at about the time that the Breck's Garden Centers in downtown Boston and Newton sold out their entire supply of morning-glory seeds, the Ferry-Morse Seed Company, one of the largest seed dealers in San Francisco, became alarmed at the run on morning-glory seeds and announced that for the time being it would sell the seeds only to legitimate seed houses and stores. But seeds are not the only sources of supply open to misguided thrill seekers. Black markets in hallucinogenic drugs exist in large cities and on university campuses. Although Sandoz Pharmaceuticals now gives experimental psychiatric

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drugs only to recipients of National Institute of Mental Health grants and to researchers of state and Veterans Administration hospitals, drugs continue to be distributed by underworld suppliers. On April 3, FDA agents in San Francisco made two seizures of smuggled black-market

LSD-25 totaling about 3,300,000 micrograms, the equivalent of about 66,000 doses. Sugar cubes containing a single drop of LSD have sold for one dollar apiece in marketplaces like Harvard Square.

"Psilocybin is not very much around," an undergraduate told me. "But mescaline sells for from five or six dollars to fifteen dollars or more, for a dose of 500 milligrams."

Two years ago, the same boy told me, while he was still in his first year at the Cambridge campus, he and nine other undergraduates decided they would like to have a drug experience. They wrote to drug suppliers asking for mescaline and describing themselves as "a small group of intelligent young men at Harvard University" who wished to carry on a program of experimentation. "I checked with Dr. Leary and he said it was O.K. to use his name and to say that the Center for Research in Personality was available for consultation, so we did," the student said.

They received four replies. "One company asked no questions and would supply the drug at three times the ordinary price. Three other companies sent catalogues and Food and Drug Administration forms. We chose one of the companies and filled out the form quite honestly. It should have been obvious that we were students. We got the drug, and we took it." Since that time at least one firm of drug suppliers has been enjoined by the FDA against distributing harmful drugs through the mails. But the legal position in drugs is confused.

What of the Law?

The Federal laws that supposedly control those who traffic in these drugs are loose and ambiguous. Federal agencies apparently are limited or totally without policing power. Even in the case of admittedly dangerous narcotics, the law does not state that addiction or narcotic using is an offense—only illegal possession of the narcotic. The U.S. Narcotics Bureau states that it is not empowered to act in the area of hallucinogenics since these drugs are not listed in Federal narcotics statutes as addictive substances. The Food and Drug Administration can act, but only when a drug has crossed state lines illegally. The Federal Food, Drug and Cosmetic Act classified peyote as "habit-forming," but the FDA has declared mescaline (a peyote derivative), psilocybin, and LSD "new" drugs or substances that have not been proved safe or clinically beneficial. In the new Washington office of the chief of the FDA's Investigational Drug Branch, a unit formed after her celebrated achievement in the thalidomide case, Dr. Frances O. Kelsey told me of the legal obstacles facing any organization wishing to sponsor a new drug for distribution to investigators. Before the drug may be legally distributed, I was told, under the Kefauver-Harris Drug Amendments of 1962 the sponsoring group must submit to Dr. Kelsey's office a "Notice of Claimed Exemption for a New Drug"—Form FD 1571.

Among other things, Dr. Kelsey said, the notice must include details concerning the composition of the product "and such animal studies as have been done with the drug, together with the qualifications of the persons who evaluate the pharmacologic studies. The notice must also include a description of the planned clinical studies, as well as a description of the facilities and the qualifications of the investigators undertaking such studies."

A few weeks following the interview at which I received this information, it became evident that this procedure was not a fixed one. The FDA announced that the National Institutes of Health is being allowed, on a trial basis, to avoid submission of the detailed Form FD 1571 by investigators proposing to use drugs for nontherapeutic purposes. Instead, approval by the Clinical Research Committee of the NIH Medical Board will be the screening procedure used. In lieu of the form, the NIH will be permitted to file memoranda containing the required information.

Does this mean that in the future private organizations like IFIF may be able to avoid the necessity of using the protective form in applying for permission to distribute new drugs such as psychotomimetics? "We would be glad to consider an outside organization's in-house method of control," I was told by Franklin D. Clark, assistant to FDA Deputy Commissioner John L. Harvey. "We are not wedded to Form FD 1571."

On the state level, the legal status of hallucinogenic drugs is no clearer than in Federal statutes. In Massachusetts, for example, under Section 197 of Chapter 94 of the General Laws, "peyote or any preparation thereof or any salt, compound or derivative of the same" is declared a narcotic drug. State authorities have interpreted the so-called "Harmful Drug Law" as prohibiting the use of other psychotomimetic drugs by persons who are not physicians. In some states, similar statutes exist. In others they do not.

Those who take on the formidable task of drafting legislation to provide legal uniformity cutting across state lines will be caught between the dangers of the uncontrolled use of drugs and the hazard of overcon-

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trolling scientific research. While legal protection must be provided for the public, responsible scientists surely must not be deprived of their freedom to investigate fully any possibility offered mankind by hallucinogens. They have been used in several fields of serious scientific research—in studies of schizophrenia (whose characteristics they were at first thought to reproduce), as an adjunct to psychotherapy techniques, and in experimental work on alcoholism.

One answer to this dilemma might be to assign priority to investigations that fully delineate and fully explore areas of hazard in the use of the drugs. Recently Dr. Norman E. Zinberg, assistant director of psychiatry at Beth Israel Hospital, Boston, offered a bit of medical history that can serve as a precedent and a warning. "Morphine, cocaine, heroin: each in turn was seen by its enthusiastic discoverers as too marvelous, too important for all mankind to be withheld long enough for careful experimentation. The results in every instance were disastrous." (Heroin in particular was at first hailed for its "miraculous" cures of people addicted to morphine and opium.)

Back to School!

New laws will not be drafted and passed overnight. Yet, before many more nights have passed, students will be flocking back to campuses all over the United States. Obviously, many of them already have discovered the availability of hallucinogenic substances, and promotional activities of those who wish to spread the drug practice undoubtedly will bring seductive information regarding such drugs to even greater numbers of individuals in the future. Guidance on the home level can help protect young people from this type of recruitment, according to Dr. Farnsworth of Harvard, who has spent years safeguarding the health of his university community. "Parents of college-age individuals should inform them of the genuine peril of experimenting with these drugs, not in a manner which will dare them to do so, but in a way that will make them aware of the very possible consequences," he said. "This is the most dangerous game I've ever seen."

The Dull Part Of Desegregation

JULIUS DUSCHA

ONLY FOUR members of Congress and a handful of spectators were in the cavernous House Caucus Room to hear Secretary of Labor W. Willard Wirtz testify on a key section of President Kennedy's civil-rights program. Wirtz was urging enactment of legislation to help educate and train more Negroes for better jobs in an effort to reduce the high Negro unemployment rate, twice the national rate, that is a basic cause of the racial crisis.

On the other side of Capitol Hill the huge Senate Caucus Room was jammed to its marble walls with spectators and reporters who came to hear Secretary of State Dean Rusk argue the merits of public-accommodations legislation with Senator Strom Thurmond of South Carolina.

Ever since the President sent his message on "Civil Rights and Job Opportunities" to Congress in mid-June, public attention has been riveted on the proposal to use the power of the Fourteenth Amendment and the Interstate Commerce Clause to open lunch counters, restaurants, motels, and hotels to Negroes. The President and his civil-rights advisers wish as much interest could be generated in the $400-million "job opportunities" section of the message, now before Congress in the form of four separate bills being handled by the House Education and Labor Committee and the Senate Labor and Public Welfare Committee.

No matter what is done to prevent discrimination, as long as Negroes lack education and training for a good job, their economic plight—and the tensions of racial strife—will remain grave. More than three-fourths of the Negroes who are working are employed in the low-paid service industries or on unskilled production jobs. As a consequence, the average Negro wage is half of what it is for whites. The situation is directly related to the lack of education. Twenty per cent of all Negroes in the labor force have less than a fifth-grade education. Nearly half of the unemployed Negroes have not finished the eighth grade. So it is not surprising that the rate of unemployment among Negro youths is twice what it is among whites. Among heads of families, more than three times as many Negroes are out of work. In tense Southern cities like Cambridge on Maryland's Eastern Shore, nearly a third of the Negroes are unemployed. In the Negro slums of Northern cities like Detroit, the unemployment rate is over forty per cent.

CRUCIAL as jobs are to a solution of racial problems, the "job-opportunities" section was almost left out of the civil-rights message as a matter of political tactics. An alternative was to present the education and training programs to Congress separately in the name of education. But it soon became clear to the President and his advisers that there were valid political reasons for including education and training programs in the civil-rights message. Responsible Southern Democrats desperately want to be for something positive in the civil-rights struggle. As a recent public opinion survey by Louis Harris showed, in the South there is overwhelming support for legislation increasing job opportunities for Negroes. Such programs also appeal to Northern Republicans who are cool to a Federally enforced public-accommodations law.

By the time the President decided to put training and education programs in his civil-rights message, the Labor and Health, Education and Welfare Departments had developed a $400-million package emphasizing literacy courses and vocational education for youths. Ever since he succeeded Arthur J. Goldberg as Secretary of Labor last fall, Wirtz has

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stressed in eloquent testimony before Congressional committees the need for keeping youths in high school and training them for jobs in an economy that no longer has room for the unskilled.

The job-opportunities package included $100 million to expand the Manpower Development and Training Act of 1962, primarily to teach courses in reading and writing and to increase almost sixfold the number of youths who would be trained for jobs under the act. It also included $50 million for training people on relief rolls so that they could get jobs. Under another part of the proposal, $150 million in new Federal funds would be channeled into high-school vocational-education courses, with special emphasis placed on work-study programs in big cities to keep potential dropouts in school. Finally, Mr. Kennedy asked for $100 million to double the size of the proposed Youth Conservation Corps and the Home Town Youth Corps.

All of the new requests add up to a $400-million concentrated attack on education and job-training problems that were just as acute last January, when the President asked for only about half as much money for expanding Federal assistance in these vital areas. In January Mr. Kennedy was determined to hold the Federal budget below $100 billion, and domestic spending programs bore the brunt of the economizing in the Budget Bureau. Today the administration's major domestic concern is to get the racial crisis off the streets, whatever the cost to the Federal budget.

Reading, Writing, and Retraining

Of all the President's proposals, those to expand the retraining program are probably the most promising. Though off to a slow start, the program has enrolled nearly sixty thousand men and women in its first year in almost 1,500 projects in every state except Louisiana. Up to eighty per cent of the persons who have completed courses have immediately found jobs. The program is succeeding because, unlike the traditionally diffuse vocational-education efforts, it is focussed on jobs. No project can be undertaken unless there is reasonable assurance that the training will be for jobs in demand.

In his testimony before a House Labor subcommittee Secretary Wirtz estimated that three hundred thousand Americans cannot read or write well enough to hold many simple jobs. He noted that even a janitor must be able to read labels to make sure he does not pick up a bottle of rat poison instead of a detergent. To reach these illiterate Americans and turn them into useful citizens, courses in reading and writing would be offered under the retraining program. Persons enrolled in such courses would receive the same subsistence benefits now given to men and women who are learning specific skills related to jobs. Once a person learned to read and write he would transfer to a course in auto mechanics, washing-machine repair, machine operation, or some other needed skill. If Congress approves the administration's proposals to expand the manpower-retraining program to include literacy courses, almost as many adults would be taught to read and write under it in the next year as were enrolled in all the projects set up during the first year of the program. The pilot projects that would be established with the $50 million sought by the President to train people on relief rolls also would emphasize literacy courses.

The expanded training programs for youth would be centered on jobs, since most young people can read and write. The present legislation restricts training to youths who are at least nineteen, and only five per cent of the appropriation can be spent in the nineteen-to-twenty-two age group. The President would lower the age limit to sixteen and allow up to fifteen per cent of the manpower funds to be spent on youths. To prevent the program from encouraging youths to drop out of schools and then enroll in retraining projects to get subsistence allowances, nobody would be accepted in a project unless he had been out of school for at least three months. With these changes in the program, fifty-six thousand youths can be trained in the current fiscal year compared with only ten thousand under the present restrictions, which were designed primarily for unemployed heads of families. The figure of fifty-six thousand must be viewed in the context of the 700,000 youths who are out of school and out of work, including the twenty per cent of Negro youths who are unemployed.

More money would be provided under the President's program for expanding vocational education than for stepping up the pace of the new manpower-training programs, even though many Labor Department manpower experts consider vocational education hopelessly out of date. "At best," said one official, "you will get forty per cent of your money's worth in 'Vo Ed.' "

But since vocational education is popular among the rural-minded men who run Congress, the President had excellent political reasons for setting aside $150 million for Vo Ed. Also, efforts were already under way in Congress to modernize vocational-education programs, and it is just possible that the civil-rights crisis will be able to draw these programs out of their nineteenth-century cocoon.

There is a certain irony in the fact that Federal aid to vocational-education programs should be the focus of so much of the President's civil-rights program. Since Congress enacted the first Federal vocational-training legislation in 1917, the staunchest supporters of the program have been Southern Democrats and rural Republicans from the North and West who have frequently voted with the South against civil-rights proposals.

The initial First World War legislation providing Federal aid for vocational education set aside most of the money for agricultural training, including six months of on-the-farm experience each year, and for home-economics courses specifically designed to prepare girls for work in the farm home. Although the number of farm workers has declined in the last forty years from a third of the nation's population to less than eight per cent, twenty-six per cent of vocational-education funds are still spent on agricultural courses. Half of the 1.8 million high-school pupils who are classed as vocational students are girls taking home economics courses. Year after year a

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rural-dominated Congress has earmarked funds for these rural-oriented courses. But only twenty-one per cent of the vocational-education funds went for industrial training last year. In the big cities less than a fifth of the students are taking vocational courses.

No Federal funds can be used to train youths for office jobs because private business schools have successfully lobbied against including such programs in vocational legislation. While Federal money can be used for training for jobs in retail stores and wholesale establishments, it is limited to part-time courses for already employed persons, a system that works to the advantage of the retailers and wholesalers who got it written into the law at the end of the Second World War.

Slick Lobby for Rural Teachers

Through their powerful American Vocational Association, the vocational teachers have managed to defeat efforts to modernize training courses. Vocational teachers of agriculture and home-economics courses have dominated the thirty-thousand-member AVA, run from a Washington office by a former Georgia farm boy named M. D. Mobley. When hearings are held on vocational training, as they were earlier this year in both the Senate and the House, Mobley carefully assembles a group of witnesses representing the states and interests of the senior members of the committees. The rural and small-town outlook of most of the influential senators and representatives is tailor-made for the AVA.

A panel of consultants on vocational education appointed by President Kennedy in 1961 to make the first comprehensive study of vocational education suggested in its report last November that at least $400 million in Federal funds be spent on vocational education and training programs, the same figure that Mr. Kennedy included in his civil-rights message seven months later. But when the House Education Committee drew up a bill based on the panel's recommendations, it could not bring itself to abolish the hallowed categories of Federal aid such as agriculture and home economics. "If we had abolished them," one member told me, "the AVA would have slaughtered several of us."

The committee decided instead to continue the categories but to broaden their definitions and to allow states to shift funds to meet changing needs. Under the committee's bill, agriculture was redefined to include related occupations such as food processing and the repair of farm machinery. The home-economics definition was similarly expanded, and could easily be interpreted to encompass a wide variety of restaurant and hotel jobs and other work in the rapidly expanding service industries. The new definitions are in fact an astute compromise. The wording makes it difficult for the

AVA to complain, while it opens up Federally supported vocational-training programs to the needs of the 1960's.

The committee reported its bill on June 18, the day before the President gave his civil-rights message. It authorized a $45-million increase in Federal funds for vocational education, which was nearly twice what the President asked for last January but only a third of his request for $150 million on June 19. It is expected that the House will approve the bill pretty much as the committee wrote it and that Mr. Kennedy's new requests will be added to the legislation when it reaches the Senate.

In seeking to appease the vocational educators' lobby, the House committee may again have shortchanged youths who are more concerned with taking courses that will lead to jobs than they are in learning what the vocational instructors are used to teaching. Representative Charles Goodell (R., New York) and other Republicans on the Labor Committee tried unsuccessfully to amend the bill to provide that all vocational training, like the courses under the manpower program, be job-oriented. Goodell also failed in his efforts to add a nondiscrimination clause to the bill.

Where Cuts May Come

Senators and representatives who try to gauge the reaction to the job-opportunities proposals think that the $100 million for the expansion of the manpower-retraining program and the $50 million for training people now on the relief rolls stand the best chance of winning Congressional approval. There is a general feeling on Capitol Hill that the manpower program is training people for jobs in demand and that, unlike such other New Frontier economic ventures as the depressed areas program, it is being administered with a minimum of politics. And Congress clearly is in a mood to try anything that promises to reduce the welfare rolls. Furthermore, by concentrating on illiteracy and youth, the new manpower and relief funds would be used in areas where there is a demonstrated need for more Federal spending. The Southern fear that the training of illiterates is merely an effort to qualify more Negroes for voting will of course cause some problems, particularly in the Senate.

There is, however, considerably less support for the $150 million asked by the President for vocational education. Congressmen from predominantly rural districts who have been the strongest supporters of vocational education are understandably unenthusiastic about losing control over the program to city interests. And many city congressmen feel that training money can be spent more fruitfully on the manpower programs than on vocational education. Under the House bill the state vocational boards will still have absolute control over seventy-five per cent of Federal vocational funds, and it is unlikely that they will quickly change their rural, nineteenth-century ways.

Furthermore, the administration's former stand is still working against the request for more funds. Earlier this year, administration spokesmen

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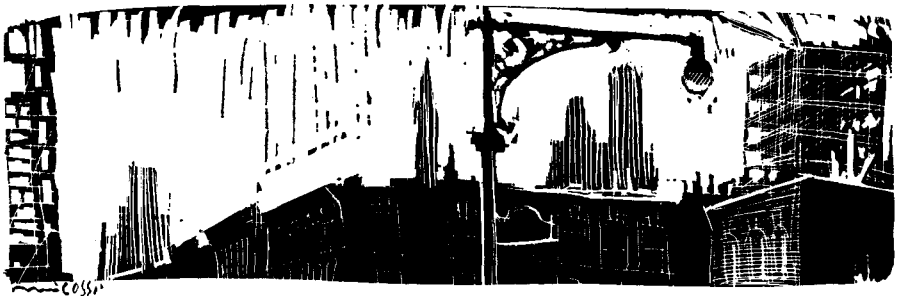
were arguing that the President's January budget request for only $23 million in additional funds for vocational education was adequate because of the time needed to make the fundamental changes in direction being sought for vocational programs. Now the President is maintaining that $150 million can be spent despite the administrative problems that seemed to loom so large a few months ago.

It seems highly unlikely that Congress will approve the request to double the Youth Corps programs, which are widely regarded as make-work projects. The opponents of these programs argue that it does no good to send a youth to a camp in the woods for six months or to put him to work in a hospital in his home town unless he is at the same time being trained for a job with a future. Pilot conservation and Home Town Youth Corps programs probably will be set up, but there is enough skepticism in Congress to keep them on an experimental basis for some time.

Another problem is the lack of a cohesive and powerful lobby behind the job-opportunities proposals. Since a public-accommodations law has become the symbol of the success or failure of the administration's civil-rights program, the White House's lobbying efforts will be concentrated on this difficult fight.

THE job-opportunities package is an improvised program that was quickly put together largely from Budget Bureau rejection slips, and it bears the marks of haste. There is bound to be duplication, for example, between an expanded manpower program and increased vocational-education efforts, particularly in the area of youth training.

Anyone who has been in Washington long is reluctant to suggest the establishment of still another study group, but obviously one is needed to reappraise the whole area of the education and training needs of Negro youths and adults. A far more comprehensive program must be developed to turn the stopgap legislative requests of 1963 into a decade-long effort to train and educate Negroes for the opportunities that must soon begin to open up for them.



Gospel as Gimmick

NAT HENTOFF

A TALL, glum-looking Negro, dressed in a white choir robe, stands each night in front of the Sweet Chariot, a below-stairs New York night club on West Forty-sixth Street, off Times Square. He is the doorman for a new tabernacle of "pop gospel." Shouting gospel groups have previously sung in secular refuges—from plush Las Vegas rooms to informal folk clubs—but the Sweet Chariot is the first night club in the country to have based its entire entertainment policy on exclamatory, tambourine-whacking Negro religious music.

Opened this last April, the room has been attracting accelerating publicity, spurred in part by Columbia Records, which has obtained exclusive recording rights to the services in the New York Sweet Chariot and in any subsequent meeting houses under that name established elsewhere in the country. The pop record business has been having a lean year. The bossa nova failed to duplicate the buying fervor stimulated by the twist, and one of the industry's current hopes is indicated by the headline of an editorial in *Cash Box:* "Is Commercial Gospel Next?"

Pop gospel has brought protests as well as visions of profit. Mahalia Jackson, in an uncharacteristically angry pronouncement, led the attack by railing at "greedy, blaspheming church folk who are getting rich in the wrong way." She is particularly censorious of the Sweet Chariot.

Curious about this embattled cultural phenomenon, I visited the Sweet Chariot on a recent summer night. The doorman in his robe was at bay. Walking slowly before him was a picket line, composed of young Negroes and whites whose placards identified them as members of the Harlem Educational Project, the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee, and the Antioch Baptist Church of Brooklyn. The organizer of the demonstration was the youthful-looking pastor of that church, the Reverend George Lawrence, who is also Northeast regional director of Martin Luther King's Southern Christian Leadership Conference. As Mr. Lawrence listened to a police captain ask him with utmost courtesy how long he intended to continue the demonstration, the youngsters continued parading with such signs as: "Angel Wings in One Hand —Whiskey in the Other," "No More Banjo-Strumming Niggers," and "The Sweet Chariot Mocks Negro Culture." Diffidently, I crossed the picket line, after explaining to a friend in the ranks that I was going below as a reporter, not a mocker.

A RED, orange, and yellow canvas over the stage had transformed the room into its owner's image of a gospel tent. The waitresses (or "angels," as they are referred to in the club's text) were dressed in white mesh tights and white tunics with sequined wings attached to the shoulders. The headwaitress, of course, was designated "the archangel." Atop each angel's head was a wired halo.

Drinks and sandwiches were being served on small tambourines, and larger tambourines were being rented on payment of a deposit to those of the congregation who wished to join in the witnessing. The menu (or rather "The Scroll") of this

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"Nite Club With a Soul" listed a choice of drinks under the heading "Soul Stirrers."

For the next two hours, I listened to four different gospel groups, all accompanied by the same doughty organist. They sang standard gospel tunes, intermixed with a few pop anthems such as "I Believe." The volume was high, the performers undistinguished, and each unit eventually blurred into all the others in a treadmill of pseudo exaltation. Except for two Negro couples, who did not lease tambourines, the clientele was white. Most of them appeared to be middle-aged tourists, and there was also a cluster of booking agents trying to figure out how to get on board the pop gospel train.

By midnight, more and more of the customers had been converted to the form, if not to the substance, of gospel shouting, and were banging their tambourines with a vigorous ignorance of the beat. A pudgy, beaming press agent for the Sweet Chariot squeezed his way through the pews. The picket line, he told me with evident satisfaction, was going to be fine for business. "However," and now his face was solemn, "the management does feel that what we're doing is basically a cultural exchange. We're making white people aware of the folk roots of Negro religious music. Yes, that's it," he congratulated himself, "folk roots!"

A BENEFICIARY of the cultural exchange weaved toward the rest rooms (marked "Brothers" and "Sisters"). The press agent meanwhile was suddenly seized with an access of indignation. "Religion is not something we hide." He gestured in the direction of the picket line upstairs. "The way those people are acting, you'd think they were ashamed of their religion."

The master of ceremonies drowned out the rest of the press agent's homily by shouting at the audience, "Do you believe?" He pointed to a table of whites. "Do you believe there's a heaven somewhere?" A shivaree of tambourines answered him. "If more people understood other people's religions," the press agent shouted in turn, "we wouldn't have bigotry." On stage, a gospel group in red robes and gold collars had started galloping in a circle as its leader sang, "Good news! Good news coming, baby!"

The press agent seemed bemused. "You know," he said, "the only places in New York doing business this summer are what I call gimmick rooms. This is a gimmick room. Like I said in one of my releases, this is the only place where you walk down to go to heaven. Walter Winchell and Bob Sylvester on the *News* flipped over that one."

Frank Scandore, the conservatively dressed, middle-aged owner of the Sweet Chariot, joined us. Scandore has other night-club interests and also manages entertainers. He too was pleased by the picket line. "I hope they keep it up. We even got on television with it tonight. But I don't know what they're complaining about. I'm not the first to commercialize gospel music. They even pay to hear this music in churches. And besides," Scandore leaned over to shout in my ear, "you'll notice they never use the word 'God' in the songs down here. No, I didn't tell them not to. I guess they just decided themselves."

"Get your tambourines ready!" the master of ceremonies yelled. "Keep your hands free! Here come the Ambassadors of Soul—the Nat Lewis Singers." As the singing started again, Scandore abstractedly patted his hand on the table a couple of times. "Exciting, isn't it?" he said without excitement. "From here," and he brightened, "we're going to open places in Chicago, San Francisco, and Los Angeles. I've also set up a package for a Canadian tour. This thing could really move. This is a good way for people to get release from tensions. We got problems though. It's getting hard to buy tambourines. There's never been such a demand for them before."

An angel brought me another beer, and I watched an order being taken at the next table for Angel's Harp (Pernod), Deacon's Punch (gin), and Satan's Temptation (sauterne). After another round of exhortations ("Talk to the Man Upstairs; what he has done for others, he can do for you"), I had exceeded my capacity for gospel shouting and walked up the stairs. The pickets, gathered around the Reverend Mr. Lawrence, were about to disperse. The doorman, holding one of their leaflets, watched them guardedly. Lawrence, a fierce and powerful public speaker, is soft of voice and manner when addressing smaller groups. "I want to thank you for coming," he said to the young people. "We *do* have a culture, and we do have a responsibility to protest when our religious heritage is deliberately and insultingly exploited. You've made me feel taller tonight."

A few days later, I called him to find out how the campaign against the Sweet Chariot was progressing. He was cheerful. "On the one hand," he said, "pop gospel is spreading as I feared it would. A new club, the Eighth Wonder, has opened in Greenwich Village, and there are now two similar rooms in Philadelphia. But we've not been idle. I've filed demands for an investigation of the Sweet Chariot with the State Commission for Human Rights and with the State Liquor Authority. I don't know how much can actually be done legally, but we can sure keep the pressure on. I'm not saying, mind you, that gospel music has to stay in the church. But can you imagine the uproar if there were a Mass in Birdland with the bar open or if they held Yom Kippur services at the Copacabana?"

In the music trade press, meanwhile, there were continuing attempts to cash in on pop gospel. "One of the major functions of religion," *Variety* explained, "is to preach the gospel to the sinner and the disbeliever. Where's a better place than in a nitery?" Dave Kapralik, director of popular artists and repertoire for Columbia Records, was less righteous in a statement to *Billboard:* "The customers were not going to gospel clubs to get religion or get the message. They just wanted to hear what I call happy music. They have fun without the message."

Cash Box, refusing to be drawn into this theological debate, looked ahead to its own sort of Promised Land: "At present there is no dance associated with the music. But should a single [hit record] from this area develop, you can bet the inventive youngsters will find some equally spirited foot-stompin' to go along with it."

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The Growing Risks Of Bureaucratic Intelligence

HANSON W. BALDWIN

THE intelligence community of the United States, with employees numbered in six figures and a budget of several billions annually, is again under Congressional scrutiny.

Numerous changes in personnel, methods, and organization have occurred in it during the past two years. Although some of these changes have been good, others are dangerous and have contributed to the deficiencies Congress has noted. Wishful thinking has profoundly influenced our evaluations and estimates. The "It Can't Happen Here" atmosphere, so prevalent at the time of the Pearl Harbor attack, was pronounced in Washington prior to last fall's Cuban crisis. Our attempts to evaluate Soviet *intentions*—always far more difficult and dangerous than the evaluation of Soviet *capabilities*—were marred by the unsupported and sometimes mistaken beliefs of our experts and by the influence of administration policies and desires.

Washington's admitted uncertainty about whether Soviet missiles are still concealed in caves on the island, the consolidation of intelligence facilities in the Pentagon, and recent widespread changes within the Central Intelligence Agency have raised once again the issue of the strengths and weaknesses of U.S. intelligence organizations.

AT THE APEX of this tremendous complex is John A. McCone, former chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission and former Under Secretary of the Air Force, a white-haired, square-jawed organizer who succeeded Allen Dulles as head of the Central Intelligence Agency a few months after the Bay of Pigs fiasco. McCone, a tough, hard-working boss, is remote from his employees. He is characterized in the CIA as "another McNamara," efficient, opinionated, and without much "feel" for people. His principal job as defined by the President was to co-ordinate all U.S. intelligence activities. He has theoretically left administration to his deputy, Lieutenant General Marshall S. Carter (who has had some intelligence experience but is, like his boss, primarily an administrator), but McCone exercises just enough detailed control to guide and to frustrate. Under McCone's direction, the agency, which one Washington wag has dubbed "McConey Island," is probably tidier administratively but is now a less "happy" organization than it was under Allen Dulles.

The Central Intelligence Agency has the duty of collecting intelligence, of collating and correlating intelligence gathered by it and other agencies, of evaluating it, and producing national estimates. The director of the Central Intelligence Agency, in addition to running his own shop, has the responsibility of co-ordinating and providing "effective guidance" for the efforts of the entire intelligence community.

The CIA has no monopoly on either the collection or the evaluation of intelligence. All other intelligence agencies of government do some of both, with each concentrating upon the type of intelligence most important to the department concerned (the Pentagon upon military intelligence, the State Department upon political and economic intelligence, etc.). But the CIA has the largest collection network and utilizes more clandestine means or devices, such as the tapping of telephones or the U-2 project.

McNamara's New Agency

Next to the CIA, the Defense Intelligence Agency is the most important —and for military intelligence, the key—agency in the intelligence community. (The CIA and other agencies also collect military intelligence to supplement military sources.) Its origin throws some light on one of the problems that traditionally bedevil the intelligence community.

Secretaries of Defense, Presidents, and congressmen have, in the past, been irritated by differing service evaluations of enemy capabilities. They suspected, often with reason, that each service tended to shape its intelligence estimates with an eye to supporting its own needs and ambitions. The Air Force was particularly at fault, first in exaggerating Soviet bomber strength and later the strength of the new Russian rocket forces. When Secretary McNamara took office he found that the much-advertised missile gap, like the earlier bomber gap, did not exist. To prevent overlapping and duplication and to produce a single Defense Department evaluation, he and his assistants decided to establish a Defense Intelligence Agency, which would take over many of the functions hitherto performed by the three intelligence branches of the armed forces. The DIA was to direct and co-ordinate the service activities as well as to operate in its own right. To head the agency, McNamara selected Lieutenant General Joseph F. Carroll of the Air Force, a former FBI agent and Inspector General of the Air Force, who has some experience in counterintelligence work but virtually none in the foreign field.

The establishment of the DIA has a portentous significance in the intelligence community. Military capabilities and the all-important estimates and evaluations of Communist military power are now the primary responsibility of an agency that is above, and therefore not responsible to, the services that use these estimates. In the very recent past the control formerly exercised by the Joint Chiefs of Staff over military intelligence has been further weakened by elimination of its staff section J-2 (intelligence). The functions of J-2 have now been absorbed by the DIA, an agency that serves two masters, the Secretary of Defense and the JCS, but is not directly under JCS control.

The DIA is still in process of growth and change. But it has already become so powerful that some observers view it as a rival to the CIA. They note that some duplication ap-

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pears to exist and more is anticipated. For instance, the CIA has long distributed to the President and other key figures the "National Intelligence Daily Bulletin," a factual and interpretive summary of important events around the world. The DIA has been producing for the same audience what it calls its "Daily Digest," closely similar in content. Moreover Mr. McNamara has noted publicly that he operates on the basis of information supplied by his own agency, which is "screened by no one outside the Pentagon." This would seem clearly to run counter to McCone's overriding mandate, and there appears to be no great love lost between him and Mr. McCone, men who are much alike in some ways.

Who's Who in Intelligence

In addition to these two key agencies, the Federal intelligence community includes a whole galaxy of other agencies. These include:

¶ The Federal Bureau of Investigation, charged with the highly important job of domestic counter-intelligence.

¶ The National Security Agency, a global complex of technicians and code breakers under Pentagon control, engaged in the collection and interpretation of electronic (communications) intelligence.

¶ The Atomic Energy Commission, assigned to the detecting and interpreting the scientific and military implications of Soviet nuclear tests.

¶ The State Department's Bureau of Intelligence and Research.

There are other less well-known but certainly no less important elements in the intelligence community. One of the most influential of these is the Board of National Estimates, normally composed of twelve members headed by its long-time chairman, Sherman Kent. The board and its supporting staff are a part of the Central Intelligence Agency, yet they function above and beyond the agency very much as the Supreme Court is a part of and yet above the country's judicial system. The reason for this is that the board is a group of so-called "wise men," selected for their knowledge and experience in various specialized fields (political, psychological, economic, military, scientific, etc.), who act as final judges or evaluators of the vast mass of compiled and processed data accumulated by the entire intelligence community.

The board plans, collates, and produces, from material furnished by all the intelligence agencies, a comprehensive estimate of a given situation. It may produce simply a so-called "straight estimate," or it may attempt to assess the consequences of changes in U.S. policies.

As Dr. Harry Howe Ransom, Vanderbilt University political scientist, describes it in his *Central Intelligence and National Security*, these evaluators try to avoid the danger of meddling with policy: "They try to confine their attention only to assessing the consequences of policy changes, either to the United States or to a foreign nation. Where assumptions as to probable or proposed United States policies are involved, these are furnished by persons concerned with policy *per se*, for example, the policy planning staff of the Department of State."

The Board of National Estimates may—in fact often must—list and discuss alternative courses of action in order to evaluate them properly. It therefore becomes only too easy to cross the thin line between evaluations of possible policy changes and recommendations for policy change. Frequently, the board's critics charge, its estimates have been far too susceptible to policy influence.

THE TOP AGENCY of the entire intelligence community—what might be called a board of governors—is the United States Intelligence Board (USIB). Mr. McCone is chairman and presides over a group of top-level representatives of the various intelligence-gathering agencies. Until recently, there was an officer of J-2, representing the Joint Chiefs of Staff, but he has now been eliminated and there have been repeated rumors that the intelligence chiefs of the armed forces may also be dropped from the board.

The USIB oversees the efforts of the entire intelligence community. Papers prepared by the Board of National Estimates are submitted to it for discussion, revision, and final approval before they are sent to the White House. The USIB is also a clearinghouse and co-ordinator; if the military want a particular piece of information they cannot get, they may discuss it at a regular USIB meeting.

White House liaison with and control of this intelligence community is effected partly through the Executive Committee of the National Security Council. Mr. McCone is an important member of this committee. But McGeorge Bundy, the President's staff assistant for national security affairs and intelligence, is also a member, and normally all intelligence matters at the White House are handled by him or, in some cases, by the White House military aide, Major General Chester V. Clifton.

The only government agencies vested with watchdog functions over this vast intelligence community are Congress and the President's Foreign Intelligence Advisory Board. But in each case their powers are more nominal than real. Indeed, the board, consisting of part-time experts (some think the word should be in quotes) who are paid on a per diem basis, has been in more or less suspended animation since its establishment some years ago. Whether it fulfills its role is open to debate and, within the intelligence community, to considerable doubt, not less so for the fact that Clark M. Clifford, a Washington lawyer and veteran trouble shooter for the Democratic Party, was recently appointed chairman to succeed Dr. James R. Killian, Jr., of M.I.T.

Under the Microscope

The product and performance of this intelligence community were put under the microscope recently in a patient and detailed behind-

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the-scenes study by the Senate Preparedness Investigating subcommittee of the Armed Services Committee, headed by Senator John Stennis of Mississippi. The subcommittee confined its investigation to the Cuban military build-up, but with minor modifications its conclusions could be applied to the intelligence performance in Yemen, or indeed to a number of other recent evaluations. The inquiry was addressed particularly to the work of the CIA, the DIA, and the service agencies. On May 9, the committee issued an interim report with some startling conclusions and—when read between the lines—even more startling inferences.

While the report conceded that the collection of intelligence data was "reasonably competent," the evaluation was adjudged "faulty" and "erroneous." The CIA, the DIA and the services were predisposed "to the philosophical conviction that it would be incompatible with Soviet policy to introduce strategic missiles into Cuba. . . . The number of Soviet troops in Cuba was substantially underestimated throughout the crisis"; even today (i.e., the date of the report, May 9), "we conclude that no one in official United States circles can tell, with any real degree of confidence, how many Russians are now in Cuba, and we are of the opinion that the official 17,500 estimate is perhaps a minimum figure."

"The deficiency in the performance of the intelligence community," the report continued, "appears to have been in the evaluation and assessment of the accumulated data. Moreover, there seems to have been a disinclination on the part of the intelligence community to accept and believe the ominous portent of the information which had been gathered. In addition, the intelligence people apparently invariably adopted the most optimistic estimate possible with respect to the information available. This is in sharp contrast to the customary military practice of emphasizing the worst situation which might be established by the accumulation of evidence."

This indictment, buttressed with facts, figures, and a chronological account, reveals that vital intelligence data about an island only ninety miles away still is lacking, and that our assessment of the warning signs last year was just about one hundred per cent wrong.

The committee did not say so in so many words, but the reasons for these errors of commission and omission—far too reminiscent of Pearl Harbor—are plain. Our government Kremlinologists had agreed, virtually unanimously, that Premier Khrushchev would never take such a risk as to send strategic missiles to Cuba. This forecast conveniently fitted the fact that the administration was committed, whenever possible, to avoid any "direct confrontation" with the Russians.

A FURTHER policy factor that distorted our evaluation was the belief of the administration that an arbitrary distinction could be made between "defensive" and "offensive" weapons. This distinction was first made in a White House statement on September 4, after Senator Kenneth B. Keating (R., New York) had called attention to the military build-up in Cuba, when it was asserted that there were only "defensive" weapons in the island. (The first photograph of intensive

work being done on what subsequently turned out to be a ballistic missile site was taken just before the statement.) Again, in a press conference on September 13, the President stressed the "defensive" nature of the Soviet weapons in Cuba at the very time ballistic missiles were being installed there.

It is true that we had no absolute proof at the time that ballistic missiles were being emplaced. Yet the President, in his classification, ignored the lesson of military history that it is the manner in which a weapon is used, rather than its characteristics, which determines whether it is offensive or defensive. His insistence that such weapons as the SAM (surface-to-air missiles) sites that we had discovered in Cuba were "defensive" undoubtedly influenced later evaluations. Mr. McCone, in August and September of 1962, was one of the few to point out persistently that anti-aircraft missiles might well be emplaced to defend something more dangerous than territory; that they might be a screen around future ballistic missile sites. But the evaluators, including those in his own agency, discounted the possibility until after irrefutable evidence became available, commencing about September 21-22.

Too Close to Policy

They were trying, in short, to look into the Russian mind and to determine what the Soviets were going to do rather than listing what they were capable of doing. Expert "guesstimates" of intentions have their place—as rough and inexact guide lines only—in intelligence estimates, but the emphasis must always be on the hard facts of the enemy's capabilities. Military and policy decisions depend upon the assessment of alternatives open to the enemy. If intelligence evaluators concentrate upon enemy *intentions,* in effect they tell the policymakers there is only one course the enemy can take, and they themselves become policymakers. Indeed the temptation is very great, as recent history has shown in Indonesia, Laos, Cuba, Guatemala, and elsewhere, for the men who hold the immense secret power of intelligence in their hands to step out of their roles as specialized experts and interpreters into the roles of policymakers and kingmakers.

This danger has always existed in any intelligence operation; it is the nightmare of the expert. But it is a greater danger today than ever before because of the tightly centralized nature of our intelligence organization; because the Director of Central Intelligence, as a member of the Executive Committee of the

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THE REPORTER

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National Security Council, participates constantly and intimately in top policymaking sessions; because the Board of National Estimates occupies a kind of ivory tower, remote from facts but exposed to the winds of policy change; and—especially—because in correcting one evil the DIA has gone too far and the differing viewpoints and sometimes opposing interpretations of the intelligence branches of the armed services are being forced into a single DIA mold.

A special danger lies in the downgrading of the individual service intelligence agencies, for it makes it more difficult than it was before to present disputed facts or minority opinions to top policymakers. The example of Yalta should not be forgotten. Prior to Yalta, a minority in both the Army G-2 and in the Office of Naval Intelligence was convinced that the Japanese Kwantung Army in Manchuria was a paper army, stripped of its air support and with its best divisions dispersed to the Pacific Islands and elsewhere. Apparently this viewpoint never reached the Joint Chiefs of Staff, much less the President, who continued to believe that the Kwantung Army was a formidable force. Our decision at Yalta to make concessions to the Soviets as the price of getting their help to end the Pacific war was based on a false evaluation. The minority report, as history proved, had been correct. The political consequences are still obvious two decades afterwards.

PAST ERRORS and present dangers should not lead to the conclusion that our intelligence has gone to hell. It hasn't. We have scored some notable successes. Our evaluations and estimates have often been amazingly accurate, as in the Berlin crisis, the Chinese-Soviet split, and the Soviet space programs. The intelligence community has many able and imaginative men, and many of them have the fortitude needed to stand up and be counted when grave matters are in dispute.

Dissent is still possible in the intelligence community, and courageous men still dissent. But if the President of the United States states publicly that there are only thirteen thousand or fourteen thousand Russians in Cuba, it requires a special kind of courage to disagree even in the sanctuary of a Top Secret paper. Dissents, moreover, are footnoted; agreements, often compromised, are emphasized. In too many cases, the trend is toward agreement for the sake of agreement.

Danger looms primarily because intelligence has become a vast bureaucracy with a standardized product, because the immense power of secrecy is as yet inadequately restrained or monitored by Congress or any other outside authority, and because the evaluation processes, as now constituted, are too apt to influence or be influenced by the formulation of policy.

How Many Strings On Aid to India?

DONALD KIRK

NEW DELHI

FOR THREE YEARS United States and Indian officials have been haggling over terms of a plan for America to contribute $512 million toward the construction of a government-owned steel plant at Bokaro in the Damodar Valley, one hundred and fifty miles northwest of Calcutta. The project has President Kennedy's support, and State Department officials are optimistic about reaching an agreement in the next month or two. Congress, however, has been critical of the aid proposal. The underlying reason, aside from technical qualifications, is that Bokaro's significance extends very far beyond the domain of Hindustan Steel Limited, the government corporation that might wind up running it.

There was a furor here when General Lucius B. Clay conceded that his committee on foreign aid opposed in principle the idea of building a publicly-owned steel plant to compete with private interests. "The Clay Committee has no doubt suggested exceptional treatment for India," said *Link*, a popular left-wing news magazine. "But once the border conflict is settled and India ceases to be useful even indirectly in fighting Communism, it will be subject to the tests prescribed to qualify for U.S. aid." In India, Bokaro is a symbol of U.S. reluctance to support India's socialist ambitions and of the suspicion that we are trying to mold Indian economic policy in our own image.

Fully as important, Bokaro is a competitive cold-war issue because of the Soviet Union's overwhelming success with its publicly-owned steel plant at Bhilai in Madyah Pradesh in central India. The Soviets agreed to build Bhilai in 1955, at the height of the U.S. quarrel with India over nonalignment and American arms aid to Pakistan. Besides reinforcing India's neutral foreign policy, the

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project is a monument to government enterprise and gave dynamic momentum to the socialist policies of India's leadership. Until the United States and the West offered military aid to fight the Chinese, Bhilai was easily the best known and most popular instance of foreign assistance of any kind in India. "The Russians gave us what we wanted; why can't you?" Indians are fond of asking.

THE CONTROVERSY over Bokaro has intensified the suspicions with which India views American economic assistance. Since Congress passed a law lending India $190 million to buy two million tons of wheat in 1951, the United States has committed nearly $5 billion for India's economy in loans, grants, and technical support. In the past four years, India has leapt to first place among recipients of American economic aid and this year received grants and loans totaling $725 million—more than a dollar and a half for each of the country's 450 million inhabitants. For all the help, however, the majority of India's educated and ruling elite are still mindful of the thought if not the words of Gandhi. "We know what American aid means," the Mahatma said in 1942. "It amounts in the end to American influence if not American rule."

The fear that the United States wants to dominate India diplomatically has subsided with our acceptance of Nehru's policy of nonalignment. The suspicion that we want to dominate Indian economic policy, however, remains. In allotting aid to India, a country committed in theory to public ownership of heavy industry, the United States has shown a decided preference for private rather than public enterprise. An exception is the massive support given to the government's transport and power development—the so-called infrastructure projects. The United States has provided nearly a billion dollars in loans to private-sector enterprises ranging from rayon to aluminum to hotels, but the only specific industry in the public sector it has financed directly is a fertilizer plant.

In 1956, the Indian parliament adopted an Industrial Policy Resolution which specified that all heavy industry should eventually be owned by the government. This was promptly and sharply criticized by Eugene Black, then head of the International Bank for Reconstruction and Redevelopment: "I have the distinct impression that the potentialities of private enterprise are commonly underestimated in India and that its operations are subjected to unnecessary restrictions there," said Black in a letter to Finance Minister T. T. Krishnamachari. The result was that politicians from Left to Right began criticizing Black for trying to "dictate" to Indians. Since America owned a third of the World Bank's shares, Indian critics were quick to see a connection between Black's and Washington's ideas for development.

Galbraith Brings a Change

Under the Eisenhower administration, our development policy for India never managed to reconcile the Republican faith in free enterprise with India's commitment to socialism. With the Soviet Union encouraging Indian socialism by word and deed, American aid officials fretted over the direction India's economy was taking. At the same time, the guide lines for American aid were set—big loans for infrastructure projects, the sale of food and fiber under Public Law 480, technical co-operation, and loans for private industry.

During the last two years, the direction and emphasis in our aid policies has changed. More than any other ambassador, John Kenneth Galbraith succeeded in fitting America's aims for Indian development within a framework politically palatable for India. In press conferences, public lectures, and private discussions, the ambassador stressed again and again that India must follow the path that will help it develop the fastest and that America wants only to ensure its success.

"We can no longer have one diagnosis of the causes of underdevelopment," he said in Madras shortly after arriving in India. "Rather we must have the particular diagnosis which fits the particular country." And in Calcutta: "It is a mark of wise development planning to copy from the countries in the more advanced stages. And it is also a mark of wise planning not to do so." While such pronouncements as these may appear routine, they won the respect of Indian politicians and economists alike. In effect, Galbraith was saying that India must develop in its own distinct way, neither western nor Communist. As the Soviets have also discovered, the propaganda effect of this approach is immense.

Galbraith, who recently left his post to resume teaching at Harvard and has been replaced by Chester Bowles, also showed a flair for combining flattery for India's achievements and a defense of U.S. motives. "India's present need for capital is based not on a low level of development," he said on one occasion. "It is the result, as compared with other new nations, of a relatively high level of development that enables her to use capital effectively." Talking on the "vastly publicized question of strings," he said the United States "would surely by now have learned to pull them" if aid were given for that purpose. "The record being what it is, and our intentions being what they are, I would hope this problem might be dismissed from mind."

While India, like most other developing countries, betrays a disproportionate yearning for heavy industry, Galbraith emphasized that agricultural development is the key to raising the standard of living of India's vast masses. He believed that

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a strong groundwork of railroads and power is more important to India's development now than the heavy industries they may serve. He also believed in private enterprise, with the all-important qualification that government, commanding more money and a wider range of resources, is sometimes better equipped than Indian or foreign private investors to forge ahead in certain heavy industries such as steel.

GRADUALLY, the United States has shown a willingness to accommodate Indian public-sector planning. The big AID loans in the last two years provide sizable sums for private-sector industry and infrastructural projects, but the bulk, $440 million, has been "non-project" loans for India to buy American goods for a broad range of economic activities. For years India's leaders had argued for these loans to finance public- as well as private-sector growth and to give more flexibility in planning. The terms of AID loans —three-fourths of one per cent with forty years to pay—are more liberal than those of any other country, including Russia, which boasts of its agreements for taking payments in exports at two and a half per cent with twelve years to pay.

The anonymous civil-service economists and advisers directly responsible for India's planning have learned how to take advantage of conflicting ideologies in fitting American aid into their government's conception of India's needs. They know, for instance, that the United States will be reluctant to finance a public-sector oil refinery (even Galbraith thought private enterprise is better suited for that task), so they are getting one from the Russians. They know, on the other hand, how highly America approves of power and railroads, so they request most of their money for these projects from the United States.

Few educated Indians, least of all the economists and planners, are unaware that the United States is the country that has contributed the most to India's development. Since AID was formed in November, 1961, combining the activities of the International Cooperation Administration, the Development Loan Fund, and the PL 480 "food for peace" program, the United States has contributed more than $1 billion to India's economic development and another $60 million in military aid to fight the Chinese. The biggest chunk, $743 million, has been in the form of AID loans. Since the first PL 480 sales agreement was signed in 1957, India has bought nearly twenty million tons in foodstuffs, mainly wheat, and 1.4 billion bales of fiber, mainly cotton. With eighty per cent of the sales proceeds reverting to India in grants and loans, India has gained $1 billion in rupees for more power projects and for educational, agricultural, and health programs. Under the technical co-operation program, the United States has granted $100 million since 1951 for American experts to provide skills in specified projects and for Indians to go to America for training, and another $90 million for malaria eradication. Finally, the Export-Import Bank has lent India $307 million since 1958 to finance imports from America, mainly to meet private-sector needs.

India is counting on the United States for approximately one-eighth of its third Five-Year Plan requirement of $23.6 billion, made up of $15 billion for public-sector and $8.6 billion for private-sector investment. This year India asked all members

of the "aid India club" in the World Bank for $1.2 billion. The United States has asked Congress to approve nearly $450 million for India in a foreign-aid bill expected to come up for a vote later this summer. The State Department anticipates the usual spirited debate, but there is little doubt, especially in view of the Chinese threat, that Congress will eventually approve approximately what is asked.

By contrast, the contributing Communist countries—the Soviet Union, Poland, Czechoslovakia, and Yugoslavia—have lent no more than $1 billion, nearly all of it for industry, since their agreement to build a steel plant at Bhilai was signed eight years ago. The Soviets, moreover, have delivered only ten per cent of the projects they have agreed to on paper.

A Range of Alternatives

The basic question still begging for an answer is what is necessary to generate the spark of initiative in India. The government, although not guilty of misusing aid funds as has happened in some smaller, less sophisticated nations, plods along in a morass of administrative inefficiency. A U.S. Steel Corporation team spent six months studying the Bokaro proposal and concluded that the plant was feasible despite problems in transportation and raw materials, and that it was necessary to India's growth. But it also reported that in India the letting of contracts to suppliers is "running months and years behind schedule." Orders for vital equipment come through only after endless paper-work delays. Favoritism and pull in high places sometimes are as important as economic considerations in the government's judgments of applications from private-sector firms vying for import licenses for foreign aid. In agriculture, the mass of India's farmers are reluctant to change old techniques. Japanese experts have shown that it is possible to double rice production, but their advice has not been accepted beyond their limited pilot projects.

Although industrial production has doubled and agricultural output has risen forty per cent since the first Five-Year Plan began in 1951, the population is increasing by nine million a year and the per capita income remains an appallingly low $69 a person. The third plan, entering its third year, was already in trouble before the Chinese invasion. Agricultural production, geared to reach a hundred million tons a year, has hovered around eighty million tons for three years. Steel output, planned for 6.5

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million tons without Bokaro by 1966, the last year of the plan, has not yet reached the 4.3 million-ton target for the plan's first year. India's export trade, vital in relieving the country's chronic foreign-exchange difficulties, has been all but stagnant since independence. However India develops economically, whether in the pattern suggested by the United States program or in the Soviet design of big, showy industrial expansion, the government is committed to public ownership of many heavy industries and looks to that quarter as the ultimate source of its strength. And either way, America needs India's friendship in Asia.

THE CONFLICTING Indian and American positions on the development of the public and private sectors has substantially weakened the propaganda impact of American aid. One popular misconception, dating from the days of British rule and reinforced by the requirement that all goods purchased by AID must come from America, is that America wants India as a market for its manufactured products. For all the aid we have given, the United States has sponsored no large industrial project popularly identified as American. A high-ranking U.S. Information Agency man confessed his fear that America will be in serious trouble in India if Bokaro is not approved. Galbraith, besides believing that Bokaro is fundamentally sound, hoped that it would demonstrate the flexibility of the American approach and its peculiar application to India's mixed economy.

"The Soviets have only one method," he said. "But we have a whole range of alternatives. If we make performance the only test, we can't lose." The consensus here is that the United States will finance the project with an American steel company undertaking construction. To guarantee performance, Washington would like the American company to manage the plant under contract, perhaps for as long as ten years. If we build Bokaro, it will mark a turning point in our Indian aid program and the biggest step so far in fitting India's desires for expansion of the public sector into an over-all U.S. design for aiding India's development.

VIEWS & REVIEWS

Northern Places

MARYA MANNES

OF THE long film footage reeled in a returned traveler's head (and mercifully unscreened), three Scandinavian scenes are most brightly retained: in Copenhagen, the distinguished cartoonist of *Politiken,* Denmark's liberal paper, bicycling to work in a natty gray suit, gray bowler, and butterfly tie; on a flight to Norway's Arctic, the awesome, overwhelmingly wild grandeur of fjord and glacier under a coexistent moon and sun; in Stockholm, the high glass slabs rearing to right and left of the historic filigree of stone. And, of course, the girls; reels and reels. Flaxen and flawless, with a dazzling freshness of skin and lip; in Denmark on bicycles; in Sweden on leisurely promenade; in Norway, fresh and ingenuous under their red tasseled graduation caps. There were differences, some of them significant and having a bearing on the special natures of the three countries so long and closely linked by race and geography. But in editing my interior film for external viewing, I think I would start with the Scandinavian similarities.

These are handsome people. They look clean, as their cities are, as their countryside is; and you feel that sea or mountain air has blown through them for so many centuries that their lungs too are washed. The Scandinavian love of nature has made them natural. To see men without the greenish pallor or larded white of our own city workers, to see girls with unfussed hair and uncaked skin, the blood near the surface of unlipsticked mouths, is to rediscover a lost beauty.

The retinal film would show no slums, for there are none in Scandinavia. Call it socialism, call it homogeneity, call it the lesser problems of small and educated populations. Whatever the reason, squalor is nowhere present. You get the feeling of pervasive human enlightenment in which each person has respect and care and a degree of the small daily pleasures of living. But

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if the camera should intrude on any gathering of intelligent Swedes, Danes, or Norwegians, you would hear this kind of talk:

"Yes, this is largely true, but the trouble is that we agree too much

among ourselves. There is no real difference of aim between our political parties; only of administrative ways and means. We lack the stimulation of opposition, of partisanship, of intense feeling."

You would hear this, too, in Denmark and Norway: "Yes, most of us have accepted the principles, if not all the practices, of the welfare state. But we worry about what it does to the creative juices. We are not really producing anything of great interest at this moment." And then, in a second breath, they point at Sweden—climate of Ingmar Bergman and Dag Hammarskjöld, of Gunnar and Alva Myrdal, of very live theatre, ballet, and journalism.

In spite of Bergman and his religious preoccupations on film, the Scandinavians are not a church-going people: faith is a private matter, and piety is not considered a public asset. As for temporal homage, you feel that their attitude toward royalty depends as much on affection and respect as on constitutional convention. Sensibly and unemotionally they balance the anachronisms of the monarchy with the continuity, aware that the time may come when the weight of the former will be jettisoned at the possible expense of the latter. For the moment, it works.

So, also, it seems, does the balance of labor and leisure. In Norway and Sweden the distance between office and ski slope or office and sailboat is a matter of minutes instead of hours, and in Denmark the sweet green fields share the cities with open sea. In the northern summer days and nights the Scandinavian returns to his source and rediscovers his senses. In the cities he may—and often does—feel the frustrations and enclosures of a small town in a small country. Out of them he forgets them.

He can also forget the headache of increasing traffic. The rush-hour clutters in Copenhagen and Oslo and Stockholm are no less maddening than ours, and are even worsened by scooters, bicycles, and crooked streets that were never meant for the load they now carry. Stockholm, in fact, is tearing the guts out of its old center to construct the highways, underpasses, and cloverleaves that will take the rising tide of cars to the satellite cities, the high glass slabs, the brand-new suburban tower apartments and shopping centers that make an American wonder whether he has, in fact, left home. What we began or adopted some time ago is happening everywhere, and there are plenty of Norwegians and Swedes who cringe before the gradual obliteration of the handsome old and the rapid growth of the impersonal, unimaginative new.

These ther. are some of the similarities between the little upthrusting peninsula of Denmark and the great down-drooping peninsula of Norway and Sweden. The differences are subtler but no less real.

The Danes, for instance, are the "lightest" of the three peoples: sophisticated, humorous, and experts in the art of accommodation. In their crowded space they can ill afford to judge each other, so they let live. This makes them charming, easy, companionable, but sometimes shallow. To involve yourself in the uninvolved is rare, and with Danes you learn to skim the surface like a waterbug.

Yet they are immensely considerate of each other, particularly of their young and their old, a trait they share with their fellow Nordics. In Tivoli Park, among the fountains and flowers, uniformed boys lift small children onto their ponies with infinite care and obvious affection. Elderly couples beam as little boys, grave with pride, drive miniature vintage cars around winding grooves. There is indeed imagination spent on everything that concerns vulnerable people. The great "town of the old" on the outskirts of Copenhagen brings to every room not only the sight and smell of green but freshness and color to every public hall and meeting place. The segregation of the aged is now considered an ill-advised solution, but so tenderly and warmly administered by the city is this particular place that age is permitted dignity as well as care.

What creativity the Danes possess lies chiefly in design, and a visitor is quite properly directed to the shops and exhibitions that show their clean-lined furniture, silver, stainless-steel cutlery, and remarkable lighting fixtures that are now familiar in American cities. As in Sweden, the level of their design is so high that it's hard to find, in home furnishings and textiles at least, an ugly thing.

But if the Danes are not currently creative in other fields, they are highly receptive to those who are. Copenhagen was agog in early June with the presence of the Romanian-born and Rome-resident conductor Sergiu Celibidache, whom music-lovers consider the only worthy successor to Toscanini. Judging from a three-hour rehearsal of Verdi's *Requiem* with the Danish court orchestra, they may be right. I would have liked a good documentary cameraman at another performance too. That week the Ballet School of the Danish Royal Opera was holding its final examination, and my lens was trained on the boys from ten to six-

teen who were going through their paces before a row of judges—teachers and dancers. The test was long and rigorous—all the way from the basic positions to jetés and multiple pirouettes—and the marvel was not how well the boys were trained but how soon the winners emerged. Even among the little ones, so serious with their beaded upper lips and their heads held high on their baby necks,

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there was one with a style, a panache. Among the older ones, every movement made by a tall blond youth with strong legs and a classic head had the breadth and authority of greatness. Like Nureyev, he flowed, and you could see the eyes of the judges widen with attention. It was a moment worthy of immortalization, either on film, or by the Picasso of sixty years past who understood the vulnerable perfection of thin boys.

To fly from Copenhagen Airport—a superlative fusion of airy space and functional detail—to Bergen in Norway is to see at once how a country can mold a people. Instead of the flat lush tidy green—the lily pad of the water skimmers—you approach, by Kristiansand and Stavanger, the powerful and irregular coast of an elemental land. It does not take long after landing on this northwest coast to see why Norwegians are as they are, an elemental people. There is a largeness and directness about them that seems to spring directly from the clear cold water and the hard old mountains that plunge straight down in it, a sort of inviolability that only an unviolated land can sustain. It is not merely that most of them seem physically strong: a life on skis or on ships would account for that, an arduous terrain and a ten-month winter; it is that they are so in balance with their environment that the cancers of frustration have not yet set in. This makes them both tough and innocent, or—if you believe some Danes or Swedes—both good and dumb. Certainly, they are not as sophisticated as the Danes or as devious as the Swedes, but as allies and friends they have no peer.

Bergen itself is a charming town, and SAS (whose flights crisscross these parts like a cat's cradle) was smart to inaugurate a direct flight there from New York this summer. In the mountains that ring it and the fjords that penetrate it is a modest herald of the far mightier scene further north. Funiculars carry you to the top of the hills and boats carry you around their sea-lapped bases, and in the harbor itself more intimate things delight. In the cool afternoon brightness of 10 P.M.—that late gold sun—I wandered along the wharves and the marine machinery, smelling the salt and the fish, watching a coastal steamer load, inspecting the shops in the old wooden houses (peaked, with a hole for a flagpole). Next to one with cheap suits for sailors was an antique shop, and leaning against its inside walls were great mahogany steering wheels from sailing ships. Buoys and winches in another, oilskins in a fourth, and after them a row of Hanseatic houses in stone, each with insignia of the League. Small, clean, tidy gulls mewed on the piers, bright blue ventilators lay on the docks in wait for fitting, and along the waterfront cobbles walked the young: girls in pants chewing gum, boys with stiff blond thatches already resisting the labored haircuts imposed on them—even here.

But Bergen, in spite of new hotels and bright new streets, is not really modern at heart. Norwegians still form a thick and respectful ring around a Salvation Army group playing and singing and preaching on the square by the harbor. With packs on their backs and heavy shoes, the athletic young still walk toward their holidays. And their elders troop yearly, with pride and devotion, to the home of their beloved Edvard Grieg to hear his music played on his piano.

For this is the core of the International Festival that draws the tourists as well. Troldhaugen is only a few miles out of Bergen, and there, in idyllic isolation, overlooking water through trees, Grieg composed. His house—so much a musician's, so much nineteenth-century—is, of course, full of him. Not only all the photos and busts of his bushy head and mustache, his dreaming eyes and rather weak chin, or the memorabilia and the honors, or all the signed photographs of the fellow great. It breathes of the ordered, cloistered, and rather pious peace bestowed on certain creative men as their just due. You felt the deference of female servants, the finger at the lips, the regular meals, the plumping of pillows, and the murmured homage of listeners. The Master must not be disturbed.

The train from Bergen to Oslo is a real cliffhanger. For seven hours it clings to the sides of mountains, peers at glaciers, teeters over ravines, crosses the ice and moraine of high passes, and—with the placid exception of mountain meadows tufted in wildflowers—penetrates some of Norway's wild interior splendor. Antiquated as this day train is, its conductors are models for whatever railways are permitted to survive in our country. They not only give information (in three languages) over an intercom; they are polite, helpful, literate, humorous, and patient.

Oslo is a pleasant town but not a compelling one. The harbor is charming—all things to do with ships have flavor—and my recording eye lit with pleasure on the day-long sale of fresh shrimps from a fishing boat on the quay and the pretty college girls in blue overalls who worked as guides on the tourist boats.

But in visual matters they lag behind their Danish and Swedish relatives. The "modern" Town Hall muffs a superb site on the harbor approach with two heavy squared-off towers, and a spacious interior with decorative derivations of folk art that combine excess of color with banality of design. Between this prevailing folk-art pitch and the muscular horrors of Vigeland Park, intelligent Norwegians are forced to admit that Edvard Munch remains their one proof of genius in the fine arts. And the splendid new museum housing his paintings and drawings does them justice: the whole is a visual experience of the first order.

So, indeed, are the Viking ships housed in *their* special museum in Oslo. The long arch of their hulls—the hulls that sailed so many thousand miles so long ago—is the purest

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beauty, moving in its proud defiance. Simple and brave too is the real Kon-Tiki raft, the modern Heyerdahl legend, but hardly beautiful. Yet this clumsy flat ark of wood and sisal and leaves is moving, too, for it goes to the roots of the seaborne, sea-conquering Scandinavian soul and reminds one of noble things.

The thought was inescapable that the Norwegian is presented with too much external beauty to feel the need of producing his own. He must be somewhat mad, like Munch or Vigeland in their wholly apposite ways, to want to try it.

Vigeland, for that matter, may have started that obsession with the sturdy naked form that imposes so many sexless statues on the Norwegian scene and raises further thought that the Norwegian may be too healthy to be erotic. Athletics and virility are certainly compatible, but eroticism seems to flower in more languid and complex natures.

IT WOULD SEEM to flower in Sweden, where love, say observers, is more of an exercise than an emotion. For with prosperity, again, has come the removal of all those self-restraints which give meaning to the acts of living.

Perhaps because of this total permissiveness in social and sexual behavior, because of the constant juxtaposition of shiny new and weathered old, because of the obvious worldliness of its inhabitants, Stockholm has the feeling of a capital that Copenhagen and Oslo lack. Its long and potent history is stamped on it, straddled as it is at the confluence of the Baltic Sea and Lake Mälaren, between East and West.

These things are stamped most strongly and in sharp juxtaposition on the retinal film: the late-night ultramarine summer sky with that particular luminosity you see in stage cycloramas. Against it the velvet silhouettes of Palace or Opera House or the low black clutter of the old quarters. . . . The marvelously reconstructed nineteenth-century bar of the Opera House, full of Tiffany glass and shining wood; and two floors below, the ancient wine cellar, open only to those who possess a key. There in the vaulted but cozy cool you are offered wine and cheese and quiet for talk. . . . The glass showcases in public squares where the best of current design in glass or wood is presented to strollers, and sculptures are changed each week. (How long would these last in our parks?). . . .

But as far as this eye is concerned, nothing occupied it so intensely as the hull of the great seventeenth-century warship *Wasa,* raised from Stockholm Harbor two years ago, her enormous oaken hull six stories high, now sheltered in a high-humidity shed while divers daily plunge in the nearby water and bring up treasures. The day before, grappling blindly in the black muddy bottom a hundred feet down, the divers had pulled up a great ornamental wooden swag that be-

Angler

I am back from Bristol, and
The marble sand of the New Haven River
Is drying in my shoes.

And I have left behind me for the fourth consecutive day
Great Browns, and Brooks, and Rainbows
Lying easy to their color and the head-on stream.

They, by local account,
Feed once a week only,
If in that week has come a heavy rain

To scour the mountain downstream to their gullets.
Now I am back, and come
Hungry, without a wife, into a house

That smells of bats and bones and flowered carpetry.
Until next season I rest here: below
The eddy of my windows hang

The dark fish-shapes grown
Gaunt and savage from
Such hunger as ignores

The tinsel claws and claret bones
My hooks are creatured with.
Mine is the manner of fly-fishermen without fish.

I starve like those
Stone-bellied beasts of all
My strategies, sleep here

In a despite of any quarry
Flashing at the hook; and in my house
The creeled duns and imagos storm palmer-wound

To spend their wings to gorgeous appetites
Of trout that strike at boulders from the pools.
This August has been little rain.

—JOHN ENGELS

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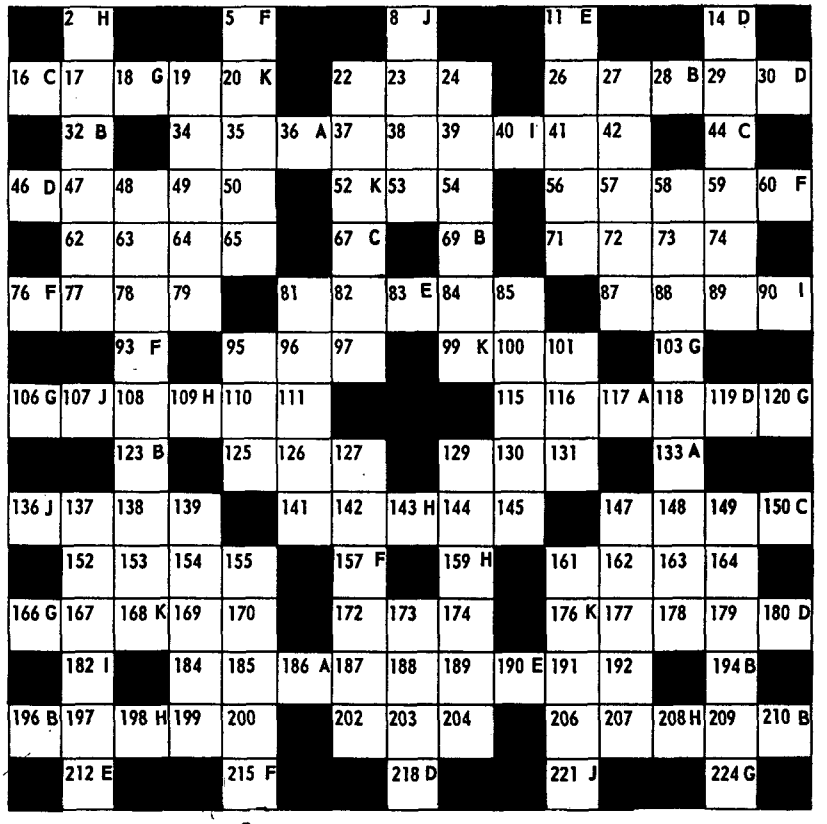
THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler No. 83

by HENRY ALLEN

DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the acrostician.



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A. 36 117 186 133 Little white lies.

B. 123 28 196 194 32 69 210 Exciting laughter.

C. 150 44 16 67 166 Biblical city near Mount Tabor.

D. 14 119 46 218 30 180 Yields to the opinions of others.

E. 190 11 212 83 A projection from a church, usually semicircular.

F. 60 5 76 93 157 215 An undershirt (U.S. Navy slang).

G. 106 103 18 120 224 Moves or directs one's course.

H. 208 109 143 2 198 159 "The skipping king, he ____ up and down/ With Shallow jesters and rash bavin wits." Shakespeare, "Henry IV, Part 1."

I. 40 90 182 "Good thoughts his only friends, / His wealth a well-spent age, / The earth his sober ____ / And quiet pilgrimage." Thomas Campion, "A Book of Airs."

J. 107 136 221 8 Urban district of northeast Wales.

K. 176 168 52 20 99 Young apodal fish.

ACROSS

16. The medium of the Acrostician's greatest fame.
22. An island suitable for small companies? (var. sp.)
26. Is ore found under the willow tree?
34. Smelling out of a school fact I once learned.
46. They sound like birds but are really errors.
52. The aviator from Rota went this way.
56. This knob can be used to sound off.
62. Loosen in sound opinions of rigidity.
71. A Volstead raid? Anyhow, a dry one.
76. Flower's eye? A part of it, anyhow.
81. Deter those who are cornered.
87. Smooth now or never up.
95. He seated himself in his attack plane.
99. A ribbed material of pure percale.
106. The quaver that occurred more to the right.
115. Mad in the pad, but doubled up anyway.
125. Mated but sounds like what she said in reverse.
129. The hill in various motor trips.
136. This part of the lock has softness.
141. Jewish month that beats all (var. sp.).
147. Having wisdom without five wives.
152. Exchange rags for fish.
161. A recruit on foot.
166. Started the fire again, perhaps with a liter of petrol.
172. The rage in 115.
176. Millay and Ferber are deans.
184. Fancy and bust a bile doing so.
196. Charger, perhaps, and it's deeded but dies not.
202. A snake can lurk in the spring.
206. The trap approaches.

DOWN

2. An English party, but they can make work of it.
5. The French, though confused, are knockouts in Scotland.
8. The focal points of a coil, perhaps.
11. A city in India is, strangely enough, on a river in Italy.
14. Strip tease, Dundee fashion.
19. They're called common, perhaps, because they scold.
22. A hundred and five plus 129 across make you romp around.
24. Less fresh, but that's what the French arts are, often.
27. The noise the nose makes or nose itself.
48. It's found everywhere and runs around alive.
58. The drive is on somehow for entertainment.
81. They grow so fast in the garden that they need a rest.
85. The station that was drunk up.
95. There's nothing in the third quadrant but a pig.
101. Rap it up to standard.
127. The bad boys who lived it up down south.
129. The Pre-Raphaelite who made a date with mother (and Alma).
137. Representatives sent to Georgia.
139. Jimmy up a spire.
147. Our ancestors worshipped him, Down East.
149. Ladders at sea with Rita on board.
155. It's often brown and dusty.
161. Mrs, Ross set by it great store.
173. Ready to eat when I am with 99 across.

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longed, they believed, on the poop deck. The sculpture was intact, the design impressive. It was the *Wasa's* sad and ludicrous fate to sink, in full splendor, a few minutes after her launching. With carved lions glaring from her gunports, gold glinting fore and aft, and the populace cheering, she keeled over and disappeared. Still no one knows what happened; neither probably did one *Wasa* sailor whose skeleton, crushed by a gun carriage, was found not long ago with his boots still on.

THE CUTTING-ROOM floor is still full of pieces of Scandinavian tape: an ultramodern hotel on the outskirts of Stockholm that dispenses with service. You wheel your own luggage to your room, you pull your bed from the wall, you fold up your bed cover, you shine your shoes, and you pour yourself a stiff drink. As alternative compensation there is a huge bowling alley in the basement (automated).

AFTER a night flight of unparalleled grandeur along Norway's frosted rib to Bodo on the Arctic Circle, this conversation among passengers eating reindeer meat by the light of the 3 A.M. sun:

South African man: "Jo'burg's a great town. I tell you, it's the place to live, and people outside don't know what it's all about. Those blacks, they're children. They'd be perfectly happy the way they are, if they weren't stirred up. . . ."

Texan woman: "Let me tell you, don't believe all this stuff you hear from the South either. It's all distorted, and anyway the Communists are back of all this . . . . we got a Commie Supreme Court. . . ."

I left the inn to the despoilers and wandered to where, in the still white night, I could see the Lofoten Islands; so far out on the still silver sea that they spelled escape.

But not far enough.

RECORD NOTES

THE FACT that the three most celebrated pianists of the day—Horowitz, Richter, and Rubinstein—have lately been turning their attention to Schumann does not of itself guarantee anything. The piano music of Schumann is notoriously difficult to interpret, and many eminent musicians—Schnabel, for one—have foundered in the attempt. But as it happens, there is very little to complain of in the current recordings by our reigning triumvirate. In each we hear that combination of unflagging technical dexterity and musical sensitivity which is essential to the re-creation of Schumann's power and poetry.

The Richter disc (Angel 36104, mono or stereo) derives from a series of recitals presented by the Soviet pianist last winter in Italy. Having been taped at actual performances, the recording conveys an occasional cough as accompaniment to Richter's playing; but the noises from the audience sound distant and muffled (highly directional microphones were employed) and one readily tolerates them in view of the heightened sense of projection that invariably emanates from a "live" concert. *Papillons, Faschingsschwank aus Wien,* and the Sonata in G minor are included. Richter makes noble exertions in the latter, but even his necromancy cannot make second-rate Schumann sound other than like second-rate Schumann. The rest is fabulous. *Papillons* flits along with brilliant colorations, uninhibited rubatos, unusual accentuations. Just to hear what Richter makes of the simple opening statement is a revelation; and when he gets to the "Prestissimo" in No. 9, he scampers across the keyboard with astonishing delicacy. Similar virtuosity and ardor are lavished on the *Faschingsschwank,* a lovely work in Schumann's best kaleidoscopic manner.

Horowitz's Schumann – *Kinderszenen* and the "Toccata"—occupies one side of a recital miscellany (Columbia ML 5811, mono; MS 6411, stereo; with pieces by Scarlatti, Schubert, and Scriabin on the reverse) and offers further evidence of the "new" Horowitz who has returned to the recording studio (of another company) after years of silence and introspection. The "Toccata" provides reassurance (if any were needed) that no dampening of the inimitable Horowitz demonism has occurred in the interim. Quite the contrary, this 1963 version has far more thunder and lightning than his Paris recording of thirty years ago (recently published in Angel's "Great Recordings of the Century" series). Viewed objectively, the propulsive sweep and jabbing accents of this interpretation might almost seem grotesque, but one cannot remain objective in the face of such exciting pianism. Put this alongside the more classic Richter and Lhevinne recordings as one of the indispensable renditions of Schumann's fiendish steeplechase. In *Kinderszenen* Horowitz's studied approach seems at times too sophisticated for such fragile miniatures (the teasing of inner voices in "Am Kamin" being a case in point). Artful innocence does not come naturally to him. But Horowitz has some lovely touches—the bell-like ping to the sforzandos in "Hasche-Mann," the soft yet vibrantly sonorous tone in "Kind im Einschlummern"—and his is certainly the best-recorded *Kinderszenen* in the catalogue.

The Rubinstein performances of *Carnaval* and the *Fantasiestücke* (RCA Victor 2669, mono or stereo) are typical of the poised and immaculate music-making which has characterized all the recent work of this veteran pianist. Unlike most musicians, Rubinstein has shed his eccentricities with advancing years. He no longer finds it necessary to strive for flamboyant effects in Schumann. He plays now with classic simplicity, a vaulting line, and his own incomparable warmth of tone. As a consequence, we have here the most cohesive and songful recording of *Carnaval* since the ancient one by Rachmaninoff. And who could possibly guess that the enchantingly nimble "Traumeswirren" in the *Fantasiestücke* is articulated by seventy-seven-year-old fingers?

THE PHONOGRAPH can take full credit for rescuing Ravel's *Shéhérazade* from unmerited obscurity. This cycle of songs with orchestral accompaniment dates back to 1904 but was hardly known, even by

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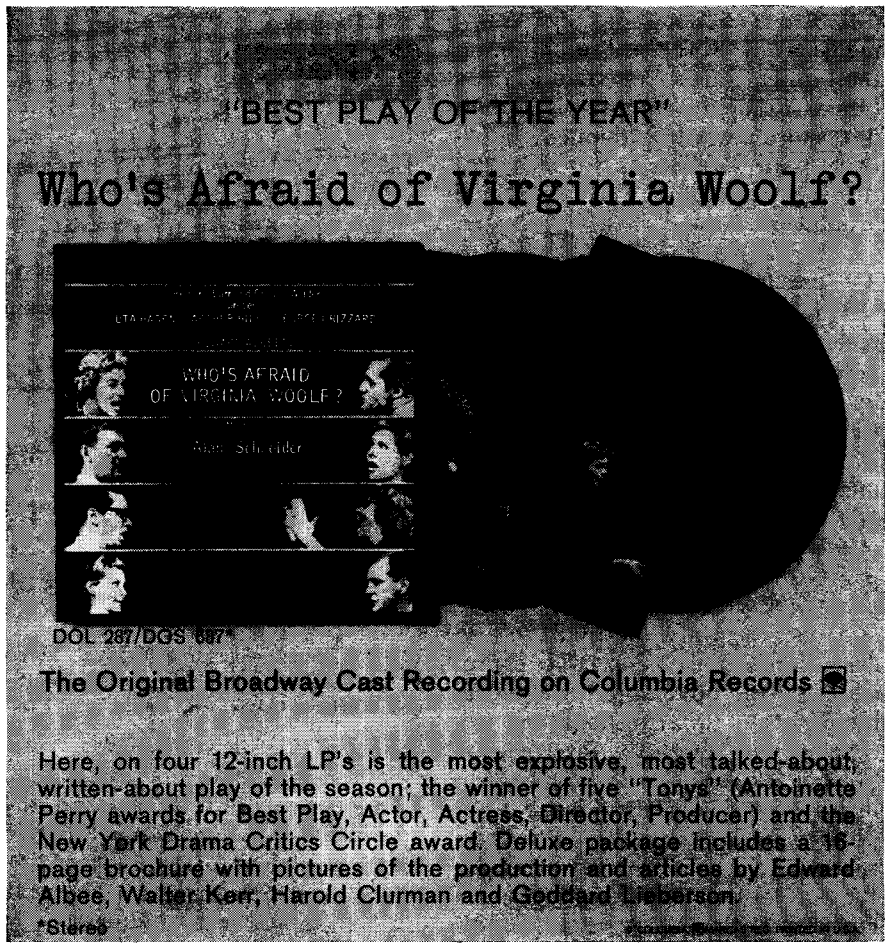
reputation, outside France until a magnificent set of 78-rpm records by Suzanne Danco and the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra under Ansermet burst upon us just after the war and revealed *Shéhérazade* as one of the composer's most seductive efforts.

The first of its three songs, "Asie," is a long apostrophe to an Orient that never was—the scented and sinful East so dear to the Frenchman of *la belle époque*. The second, "La Flûte enchantée," is the languid murmur of a young woman, restless in the bed of her sleeping master, who listens to a lover's serenade as it floats in through the open window. "L'Indifférent," the last, describes a handsome stranger who is strangely insusceptible to the charms of the beguiled lady who accosts him. Ravel's melodic style harmonizes perfectly with the resonant, sinuous poetry of Tristan Klingsor, and the orchestration—as always with this composer—is a model of resplendent and diaphanous brilliance.

Two recent recordings (Victoria de los Angeles and the Conservatoire Orchestra under Georges Prêtre, Angel 36105; Jennie Tourel and the New York Philharmonic under Bernstein, Columbia MS 6438) have each much to recommend them. De los Angeles has the more appealing voice and better conveys the wide-eyed wonderment of "Asie." Tourel is the more incisive artist and better conveys the sensuous insinuations of "L'Indifférent." Honors are shared about equally between the conductors, though Prêtre has the better flute soloist. Thus the coupling will probably be decisive.

Tourel chooses to pair the Ravel cycle with an early Prix de Rome cantata by Berlioz, *Cléopâtre,* never before recorded. Though occasional felicities of melody and instrumentation strike the ear, this "lyric scene" seldom rises above the turgidity of its text, and only the devout Berliozian will take it to his heart. De los Angeles, on the other hand, delights us with further Ravel (the five Greek folk songs and the Hebraic melodies), a fragment from Debussy's *L'Enfant prodigue,* and Duparc's *L'Invitation au voyage* and *Phidylé.* To hear the fabulous de los Angeles voice winding its way through the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melismas of "Kaddisch" or intoning the quiet caress of Baudelaire's "Luxe, calme, et volupté" is a good deal more rewarding than to sympathize with Berlioz as he struggles through an odious Prix de Rome assignment.

WHAT Handel thought of the commonplace text to *Saul* is not recorded, but this epic-visioned composer was never one to be hobbled by mediocre poetry. "With *Saul*," writes the Handel authority Winton Dean, "Handel raised the Old Testament oratorio to its highest point, and produced one of the supreme masterpieces of dramatic art, comparable with the *Oresteia* and *King Lear* in the grandeur of its theme and the certainty and skill of its execution." This is a large claim, which we can now subject to scrutiny by means of an excellent new recording (in English) directed by Mogens Wöldike, with the Copenhagen Boys Choir, the Vienna Symphony, and an assemblage of soloists that includes Jennifer Vyvyan, Helen Watts, Herbert Handt, and Thomas Hemsley (Vanguard BG 642/4, mono; BGS 5054/6, stereo; three records).

Dean's enthusiasm seems a bit excessive, for *Saul* is subject to its share of the jog-trot note-spinning into which Handel was inclined to relapse when pressed for time. But its inspired passages—and there are a great many of them—come from the composer's top drawer. The orchestral bridge movements with which the work abounds are especially good (devotees of band concerts will remember the ubiquitous "Dead March from *Saul*"), and they offer persuasive evidence—Sir Thomas Beecham notwithstanding—that Handel's own instrumentations lacked nothing in piquancy of effect and grandeur of tone. The Copenhagen Boys Choir (which, despite its name, includes plenty of deep-voiced men, as well as boy sopranos and altos) does full justice to the imposing choral sections, and the solo singers —particularly the silvery-throated Miss Vyvyan—negotiate the arias and duets with accurate aplomb. Vanguard's recording emanates from the resonant Musikvereinsaal in Vienna and is strikingly clear and live.

—ROLAND GELATT

BOOKS

Cher Maitre

ALFRED KAZIN

SAINTE-BEUVE: SELECTED ESSAYS. Translated and edited by Francis Steegmuller and Norbert Guterman. *Doubleday.* $4.95.

"Kill the dog, he's a reviewer," said Goethe. This was not said about Sainte-Beuve, but it is a familiar and approvable way (no longer limited to the Goethes) of expressing contempt for reviewers, literary journalists, and other "mere middlemen" of literature who, like even the great Charles Augustin Sainte-Beuve, tend to miss the most original books of their time. Sainte-Beuve condescended to Stendhal and was jealous of Balzac; he sermonized over *Madame Bovary* and he missed the imaginative splendor of *Fleurs du Mal.* Proust, who hated him, said that Sainte-Beuve lacked instinct for art and by his biographical method of analyzing writers materialized the circumstances behind great literary works. "Although I appreciate the author's point of view—the keystone of his method, his poetics—" Sainte-Beuve wrote of Flaubert in that tone of reluctant praise and self-righteousness which is his most irritating trait, "I must reproach his book for the fact that there is no goodness in it." And with the same pompous irrelevance that Flaubert had been making fun of in his novel, Sainte-Beuve went on to say that in the provinces "there are also good people, people who have retained their innocence, perhaps more intact and more genuine than elsewhere.... I once knew, in the depths of a province in central France, a woman still young, superior in intelligence, ardent of heart, and bored. Married but not a mother, having no child of her own to educate and love, what did she do to occupy the overflow of her mind and soul? She adopted the children about her."

This, Flaubert wrote to a friend, was "just right for the bourgeois." And of course we now turn away with contempt and amazement from Sainte-Beuve's incomprehension of Flaubert, Stendhal, Baudelaire. Criticism exists in order to recognize people like them. Don't *we* recognize them? Yet Proust was not complaining of Sainte-Beuve's taste. Taste, in literary matters, can be a spectator's word. It was as a practicing writer that Proust objected to Sainte-Beuve, and on the same intellectual grounds that a gifted religious poet today might object to the influence of psychoanalysis. Proust disliked the critic's "scientific" materialism. Sainte-Beuve had studied medicine as a young man and he liked to think of himself as a "naturalist of souls," analyzing writers' lives and characters. In Sainte-Beuve's pretension to lay bare the personal motivation behind a book, Proust saw an arrogant narrowness and a threat to his own faith in intuition and creative imagination. Proust was concerned not with Sainte-Beuve's record as a critic but with his influence on writers in France.

BUT the great public that could find a long article by Sainte-Beuve almost every Monday morning in a

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Parisian newspaper like the *Constitutionnel,* or the *Moniteur,* or the *Temps* did not find its view of the world profaned by this critic. Without being a conscious "popularizer" to nonliterates in the American style that prevails in our universities as in our popular magazines, Sainte-Beuve was nevertheless able to please his public by writing with all the knowledge and intellectual passion he possessed, on any writer and period he chose to write about. He wrote on French classics, on foreign literature, on the writers in his own "pantheon," on seventeenth-century theologians and eighteenth-century hostesses, on women as writers, on romanticism and Saint-Simonism, on Paris as a literary center, on the French character, on what love meant to Molière, on libraries, on Renan's *Life of Jesus,* on literary workmen, etc., etc. He concerned himself with literature in France, with classical figures and minor personages, with literary and historical issues, as matter-of-factly as reviewers today pick up new novels. And what sustained him in this extraordinary career of producing a significant full-length essay each week was of course this public itself, for whom the intellectual tradition and honor and glory of France were embodied in the literature that Sainte-Beuve took up over and over again.

THE ONLY OBJECTION that one could have to this excellent volume of selections from Sainte-Beuve, resourcefully translated by Francis Steegmuller and Norbert Guterman, is that it cannot suggest the amazing coverage that gives Sainte-Beuve his enduring value. Yet no doubt anything like the French editions of Sainte-Beuve's works would be out of place in this country. For Sainte-Beuve, literature in France, with all the minor figures who helped to compose it, had the same national significance that in this country politics has to a cultivated journalist like Walter Lippmann. If Sainte-Beuve, one Monday, did an article on an eighteenth-century literary hostess like Madame Geoffrin, and another Monday did a long critical analysis of a play by Corneille, it was because each of these subjects was equally important to him, each could still be an issue in France or be related to one, each was still a fact in the historical mind of his audience—meaningful as the influence on politics of Jefferson or of fundamentalism would be to Walter Lippmann's audience. For Sainte-Beuve the great French writers were the most living and interpretable part of the past. And Sainte-Beuve, who called his articles *causeries,* "chats," chatted familiarly with the public as his contribution to the talk which in France goes on all the time, and which is the main stream of French culture.

Sainte-Beuve said that his method as a critic was to find out all that he could about an author's life and personality. The "soul" of the writer, his native "disposition" of mind, explained his book. In our day, especially in America, almost any critic would think himself more professional and specialized an analyst than this; he would say that the aim of criticism is to elucidate a work of art on its own terms and to evaluate the creative result of a writer's life, not the life itself. Yet whatever his concern with the "man," Sainte-Beuve was a remarkably patient and careful analyst of a literary work. He was particularly good at "close reading," as he shows in his scene-by-scene analysis of Corneille's *Le Cid* based upon his detailed examination of the original Spanish drama on which Corneille drew. In this brilliant essay he brought together his critical and scholarly resources, and he takes us through Corneille's play, scene by scene, with an authority that really explains, illuminates, and focuses the playwright's dramatic and poetic achievement. The professionalization of criticism in our time is due to the complete revaluation of all literature in terms of modern literature. The contemporary has become the only light by which we read the past. But this did not exist for Sainte-Beuve, who in fact was so tradition-minded that his remarkable intuitions as a critic appeared only, as it were, in behalf of the past. His many volumes of collected articles—*First Monday Chats, Monday Chats, New Mondays, Portraits of Women, Literary Portraits,* etc.—made up one long rambling talk about French tradition. On this ramble he produced wonderful *aperçus,* made important distinctions, performed revaluations, without deliberately setting out to change anything. He floated along the stream of French culture, which is sustained by conversation.

THE TROUBLE with reading Sainte-Beuve today is that his opinions, generally speaking, all seem so familiar. He rambles along a bit too comfortably in that relaxed, easy, sententious fashion natural to a man who each week dictated so many thousands of words to a secretary. Nowadays we expect more intensity of mind from the great masters of criticism. By contrast, Sainte-Beuve sounds like a manual of French literature or a professor at the Sorbonne comfortably masticating all the well-worn anecdotes about Rousseau depositing his children in the foundling home.

But if Sainte-Beuve's opinions are often reminiscent, if he departs from the usual textbook praise of a great writer only to be stuffy about the man's sex life (always a sore point with Sainte-Beuve), one soon recognizes that in each essay Sainte-Beuve wants to retell the whole story, to review the writer's career, in his own way. This compels him to go over a lot of familiar ground, but it is only by reassembling the materials of tradition, in each case, that Sainte-Beuve can give us his special insight and contribution. The tradition, the great body of literature, with all the ancient loyalties and passions and rivalries that make it up, has to come forth at his pace, now. When he writes about Molière, his favorite writer, he reviews Molière's whole career, all his habits and interests. He describes Molière in the marketplace studying people for hours, Molière wearily going on stage for another performance on the day he died. He tells us the best stories as well as the old ones; he quotes the best lines. If the funeral scene itself is dramatic, he describes it. When he writes about Corneille's *Le Cid,* he discusses the effect that certain scenes had on the nobles in the audience who recognized Corneille's use of their customs in a play laid in Spain. He says of Corneille's need to keep the action of his play within a twenty-four-hour period: "Under the conditions of that day, it was not a bad thing in

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a French tragedy that the characters should not have time to catch their breath. When you have the audience in the palm of your hand, it is safer to get things over with then and there. . . . The Frenchman is very susceptible to being carried away and at the same time very prone to be critical . . ."

So Sainte-Beuve recites everything his audience knows and makes signs of recognition to what it knows. Occasionally he is malicious, in his discursive way, but he is never stealthy. He wants to demonstrate and to review what is known, not to upset anybody's apple cart. When you are through with an essay by Sainte-Beuve, you have the distinct feeling that the critic has gone over the career and through the whole book with you, that he has retold the whole story in the light of French common sense, and so has brought back literature itself to the same domain of experience with which, for him, it began. Literature has again become "natural," organic, believable in the light of men's lives and passions—it has become part of the record.

THIS RESULT, I think, explains and justifies Sainte-Beuve's biographical method. Of course he was mistaken in thinking that a man's character traits explain his book. He was mistaken because he thought, on the basis of biography alone, that he knew enough. No doubt "the fruit is like the tree," but who can really say, in the case of that mysterious human organization that a writer can be, who the "man" is? Sainte-Beuve did not know as much as he thought he knew. But with his passion for "society," tradition, and culture, he assumed that biography was a key to a man, history to a country. He loved history and biography, not least because they reflected the public side of literature in France, where books have indeed made revolutions.

Sainte-Beuve could not grasp the originality of Stendhal, of Flaubert, of Baudelaire; such writers were too estranged from the public for which Sainte-Beuve wrote and whose beliefs, in the end, he entirely shared. His own tendency was to be in touch with the public, to inform it, to entertain it—and this in the loftiest sense, for in regard to the French literary tradition he was *cher maître,* the public's teacher, guide, and friend. Inevitably, so convenient a relationship to the status quo excites disgust in a later generation. We are now closer to Stendhal, whom the bourgeois of his time would not read. The fat, expansive, foolishly optimistic nineteenth century was wrong, and in many of his pronouncements Sainte-Beuve was wrong. But for Sainte-Beuve criticism was not an act of prophecy and a deliverance from convention, as it is for us; it was an act of civilization.

Tragicomedy In Five Acts

SAREL EIMERL

FRANCIS BACON: THE TEMPER OF A MAN, by Catherine Drinker Bowen. *Atlantic-Little, Brown. $6.*

It is fitting that Francis Bacon should have been suggested as the author of Shakespeare's plays, for he himself would have made a model Shakespearian protagonist, and his life was a tragicomedy in the grand style. No one today could so bestride the worlds of both knowledge and power, for conditions have grown too various for any one man to encompass in the manner of Bacon. He was a brilliant courtroom lawyer, and a legal philosopher whose proposals anticipated the main course of English legal reform over the following two centuries. His contributions to the natural sciences are such that more than two hundred years after his death Darwin spoke of following "true Baconian principles." He was one of the great stylists of English letters. His *New Atlantis* remains one of the best Utopian fantasies, and his *Essays* are an accepted classic. To cap all, he was a superb politician and, as Lord Chancellor, the most powerful man in England after King James and James's favorite, the Duke of Buckingham.

To write a comprehensive biography of such a man would obviously be a most formidable task, and Catherine Drinker Bowen has not attempted it. Her book is quite short: she characterizes it as an "Invitation" to Bacon. Her main concern has been not to write a biography but to examine his personality, using the events of his life, which she divides, like an Elizabethan play, into five acts.

THE OPENING PARAGRAPH indicates her approach and the skill in selection that make her "Invitation" continuously perceptive and fascinating. In it she quotes Bacon's remark: "My soul hath been a stranger in the course of my pilgrimage." The phrase illuminates the basic split in Bacon's character which made him, psychologically, a tragic personality. By nature he was a scholar and intellectual whose principal genius lay in reflection. But ambition, circumstance, and lust for power impelled him to spend most of his energies in a pilgrimage foreign to his true self, the hunt for political success.

The first spur to Bacon's ambition was his father's position as Lord Keeper—master of the law—under Queen Elizabeth. The second was Bacon's awareness of his own powers, which made him fret to see men of inferior quality enjoying high office. To vanity and ambition was added another and apparently more selfless motive. During his twenties, Bacon drew up a vast scheme for a new educational empire—an Instauration of Learning, in his phrase—which would break free from the stale Aristotelian philosophy and attitudes, and concentrate instead on the study of the observable facts of nature. It was a scheme vast in its concepts; as Bacon wrote to his uncle, Lord Burghley, Elizabeth's First Minister: "I have taken all nature to be my province."

This new educational empire was Bacon's vision. To Burghley and his son Cecil, who succeeded his father as First Minister under Elizabeth and then under James I, it appeared hopelessly impractical. Rebuffed, Bacon perceived that in order to make his Grand Instauration a reality, he would have to obtain political power. Then, to this need and to his natural ambition and vanity, was added another spur: a consuming envy of his rival, Coke, who by the time of James's coronation had be-

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come the most powerful lawyer in England.

The stage was now set for Act II of Bacon's—and Miss Bowen's—tragicomedy. It covered the thirty-four years, from 1579 to 1613, of Bacon's long and humiliating struggle for high office. Under Elizabeth and James, the only way to achieve it was to please the monarch. Every politician had to play the courtier. Bacon had made the mistake of antagonizing Elizabeth; now, under James, he was more careful. He made himself, in fact, the King's tool. "I will be ready as a chessman," he wrote, "to be wherever your royal hand shall set me."

Bacon genuinely believed in James's claim to rule by divine right. He was also blessed, if in view of later developments "blessed" is the right word, with a skill for tactics and intrigue which deservedly earned him a reputation for serpentine guile. Nonetheless, he felt humiliated by the need to be abject. "By indignities men come to dignities," he wrote in the *Essays*. And again, "All rising to great place is by a winding stair." But climb it he did and to the top, to his enormous gratification destroying Coke on the way.

"Mr. Attorney," Coke said angrily, "this is all your doing."

"Ah, my lord," was Bacon's reply. "Your Lordship all this while hath grown in breadth. You must needs now grow in height or else you would be a monster."

Meanwhile there was a comic plot. In 1606, at the age of forty-five, Bacon was married to a fourteen-year-old girl. Three years earlier, he had spoken of her as "an handsome maiden to my liking." "Aha," one says to oneself, "Lolita." But no. Apparently Bacon married her for her money.

To return to the main plot, Act III shows Bacon triumphant at the top of his winding stair. The Grand Instauration had come to nothing: James was not interested and Bacon was too busy running the government. Still, he was Baron Verulam, Viscount St. Albans, Lord Chancellor, and enormously rich, keeping more than a hundred retainers, some of whom owned their own race horses. Unfortunately his passion for display and self-glory had made him disregard his own observation in the *Essays* that "Those are most subject to envy, which carry the greatness of their fortunes in an insolent and proud manner."

Act IV: in 1621, the House of Commons met and struck at the King by impeaching his proud and mighty Chancellor for taking bribes in office. Bacon was undoubtedly guilty, but so were almost all other high officials; bribery was an accepted practice of the time. The suddenness, the total irrelevance of the attack (one is reminded of the Profumo case), overwhelmed Bacon. Always subject to fits of anxiety, especially after some great success, his tactical skill deserted him. The King made little effort to help, probably because he hoped that by tossing Bacon as a sop to the Commons, he could keep them from attacking their real enemy and the corruptionist supreme, his adored Buckingham. Within a few weeks, Bacon was found guilty, dismissed from all his offices, and ruined.

But though his destruction was overwhelming in its suddenness, one cannot view it with the gravity proper to the downfall of a truly heroic figure. For his anxieties, his constant fretfulness and dissatisfactions with self, like his childlike delight in glory and pomp, make Bacon, despite his ruthlessness, almost lovable and even slightly comic. Besides, though his defeat as a politician was complete, the other side of his nature quickly reasserted itself. The last act of his life was like the end of a Shakespeare play—a moment of quiet after the chaos before the final curtain falls. Bacon in retirement returned to his scholarly studies. He wrote one of the first modern histories and set to work on a grand six-volume study of the natural sciences which was to include, among others, books on Winds and Density, Sulphur and Mercury, and, in his usual grandiloquent manner, Life and Death. He died, busily at work, before he could finish the task. "Life without an object to pursue," he had said, "is a languid and tiresome thing." Humiliations and tribulations he had endured in plenty, but emptiness of objective was one trial from which he never suffered.

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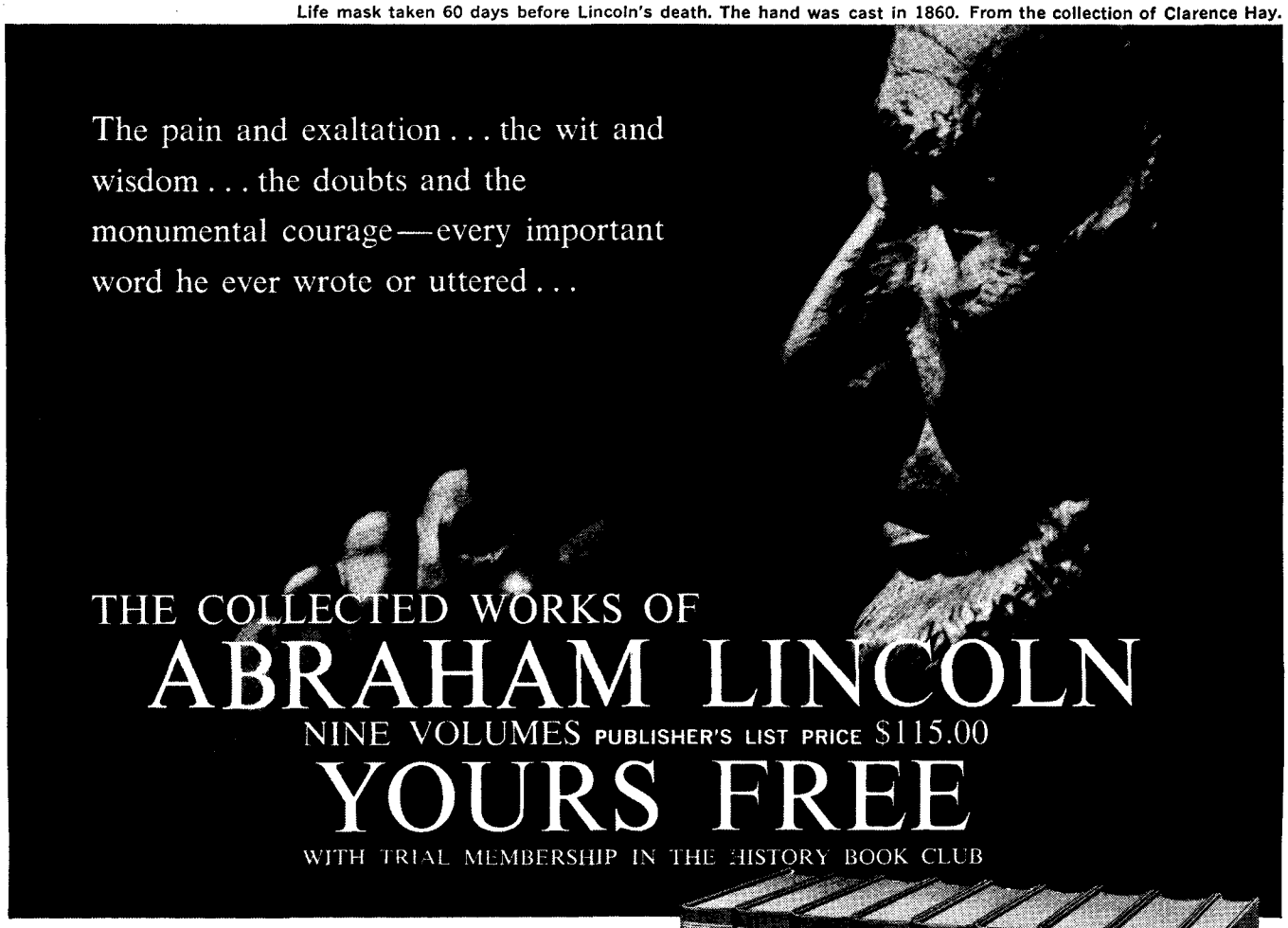

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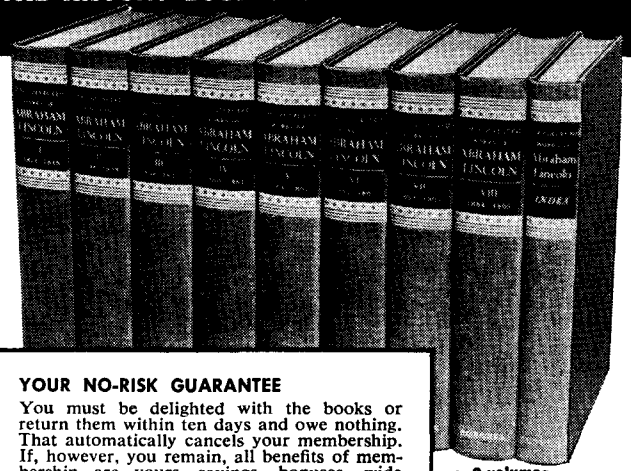

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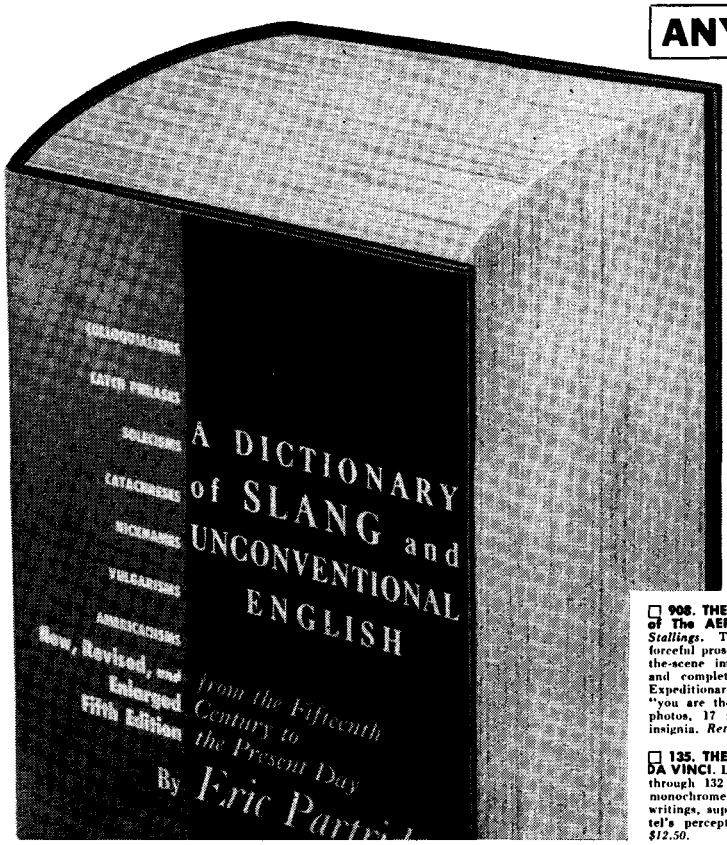
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